THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume IV | New York, Wednesday, November 3, 1926 | Number 26

CONTENTS

The Holiness Boom 623
Week by Week 625
Jean Cocteau's "Orphée" 628
Various Party Programs 629
Who Rules These United States? ..... Mark O. Shriver 630
Bridge Player (*verse*) ..... John Hanlon 631
The Course of Conversion, III ..... G. K. Chesterton 632
Failures of Our Higher Schools ..... James Burns 634
Via Lourdes to Locarno ..... Bernhard Ragner 637
Leadership and Girlhood ..... Genevieve Garvan Brady 639
Communications 640
Sonnets ..... Speer Strahan, Kenneth Slade Alling, Isabel Fiske Conant, Margaret Tod Ritter, Harold Vinal, Penfield Royce 641
The Play ..... R. Dana Skinner, T. C. 642
Books ..... Ernest Brennecke, Jr., John Eliot, Francis A. Tondorf, George N. Shuster, Thomas Walsh 644
The Quiet Corner 649

THE HOLINESS BOOM

SOAP flakes and shredded cocoanut are not trifles. They form the vertebrae of industries which, in addition to paying respectable dividends, distribute cleanliness and delicious cake frosting among millions. But greater than either is the advertising that makes them possible and profitable. Broadway is not merely a glare of informative, fascinating lights which impel the human herd to luxuries and names. Broadway is also a thing everybody knows—a thing larger than a place, more intricate than an art or a business, with an irresistible appeal few withstand. There are numerous replicas of Broadway, but all are alike in this: the earnestness of a spiritual summons is missing from their tumultuous clamor, the word "soul" is not spelled in electrical fire. And so it was, perhaps, natural that Mr. Bruce Barton, master of advertising, fully aware of how familiar the soap flakes and the cocoanut have become to every properly educated mortal, should write of the Saviour as The Man Nobody Knows. It is difficult to avoid the irreverence which naturally creeps into this well-intentioned concept. Broadway is a going concern; Christianity is not. But Broadway has been built up by industrious advertisers; therefore Christianity needs to patronize—or create—similar agencies.

Indeed, Mr. Barton, returning to the charge in an address delivered to the Advertising Club of New York City, outlined with succinct gravity the important aspects of a publicity campaign. If the churches are to succeed as business has, they must employ business methods making for "the progress, happiness, and general welfare of humanity." Virtue must acquire the mysterious charm of pink-labeled cream cheese. A system of accounting needs to be installed by all denominations interested in "following up" their sales propaganda and checking off their "dead ones." The spirit, however, is more important than the letter: "The church must have as much faith as business has. The General Electric Company spends millions of dollars every year in its laboratories, knowing that any day a scientist may come forth with a discovery that may necessitate a complete change of method." And in addition to faith, the faculty of adjustment is an immediate requisite. Why not be prepared for a future in which men will satisfactorily "get religious inspiration" via ten minutes of radio? For times change and with them the reaction of mankind to the goods which are offered for its consumption. "The church of the future" will be, if the omens are trustworthy, much more like a brilliant at-home than a go-to-meeting in epochs now out of date.

With all this the Church Advertising Department

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the International Advertising Association is in substantial agreement. "One of the chief objectives of our campaign," says the president, "is to point out the breadth of modern religion and to indicate that the church is simply a means to an end, not an end in itself. The church is the agency through which religion mainly operates, and in which its members receive their inspiration. It is hoped that through this campaign such high standards of service will be held before the churches and the people in the various communities that they will permanently lift the level of their social thinking and practice." If this sufficiently vague pronouncement means anything, it is that the church—like the daily dozen method of physical culture—is a certain formula for getting spiritual "pep." You may differ about formulas, but once try the "pep" and the results will be convincing. We can imagine a great variety of luscious posters setting forth the charms of this version of religion; but there is no room anywhere on them for the real Church.

It may be conceded as a matter of course that advertising can be of assistance to the missionary and the moralist. When the Cardinal of Paris comments upon the good that might be done educationally through the motion-picture, he speaks out of an imaginative understanding of the effect which concrete and easily interpreted pictures can have upon plastic minds. When art with a genuine spiritual appeal draws the eye to sculptured façades or decorated windows, it touches the heart with sincere emotion and sometimes, at least, stirs it to prayer. We have the greatest respect for those who defend or expound their faith in the advertising sections of newspapers and magazines. To say that the press and the platform can accomplish immeasurably much in redeeming minds from spiritual indifference is to utter the most obvious of platitudes. And doubtless all these instruments could be improved and developed to a point not yet dreamed of. Thousands of people are now earnestly trying to bring about this improvement and development. But they are not generally kindred spirits with Mr. Bruce Barton.

If the church were merely a new product, or an improved form of some commodity, one might hope to sell it as one does automobile tires. But if the church is not a farcical non-essential, if, in view of its history, it is worth a busy person's time, it is because the church is an institution as permanent, natural and necessary as the family. One might, perhaps, suggest to children occasionally and gently that a definite relation exists between them and the hearth-fire. Even very conservative people have sometimes ventured to boast of family connections with all the gusto of fetching advertisements. But it is really a little difficult imagining the family as a "means" which can be got hold of through ten minutes of radio or a system of placards preceded by a steam calliope. Children have been made to behave by judicious advertising of the wolf which eats bad little boys. But there is surprisingly little evidence to show that even as many as ten wolves ever made a family. The church may mean "religious inspiration" to Mr. Barton; it may signify "breadth" to the International Advertising Association—but precisely because it has meant nothing else to the average citizen, he has promptly forgotten all about it. He has acted exactly as a little girl would who knew her family only as a "source of uplift" revealed through a picture in her copy of The Three Bears.

Should the advertising program we have outlined succeed, it might have a certain value as a presentation of what the Church is not. The degradation of the kingdom of Christ to the level of a commercial commodity which one can boost and enjoy as one might the music of the Metropolitan Opera Company is ample testimony to the patently routine character of a mind which cherishes virtue because it contributes to the successful steadiness of a "captain of industry." The mind of the Church has been of different mettle. Martyrs, too, were advertisements because they were witnesses. Perhaps it may be said of the evangelists that they were august copy-writers. In a sense, the souls of all the saints have been shining flames. And certainly when Dominic fastened to the garb of his sons the terrible symbol of redemption, he intended that they should walk through the world in the same way men now do who carry announcements on their shoulders. But in all these cases the human spirit itself was the advertisement—the spirit set on fire by the Infinite Conflagration which has filled the universe with love. It was always very sure that earth, sky, and the soul of man were so many things by means of which God had announced Himself. It was at home under His hand, in the family that endures forever. It went after the erring, but it was certain about the place to which it wished to bring them.

A Christendom disrupted by various cataclysms—as a family might be torn apart by storms of temper or distress—is not yet at the point where it must sell out or die. Were those sectarian groups which still cling to it, with no matter what peculiarities or postulates, in the same manner as the Catholic Church adheres to it, able to realize that the work of reorganization must begin where the family begins, we should be in the fullest sympathy with their plans and hopes.

The problem of religious recruitment in the United States today is a problem of education. While schools teach children a sense of loyalty to civic and social institutions, they say never a word about fidelity to the religious society which is every Christian's most treasurable heritage. How, then, are men and women to grow up with an understanding of the church or a knowledge of the Master? Inevitably they veer to religion as a "good influence" which can be turned on like hot water or imbibed like ginger-beer. And thus they are ripe, indeed, for a "holiness boom."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER
HENRY LONGAN STUART GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

Subscription Rates Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

A QUEEN, flashing into the ken of all America, has gained, in addition to a vast amount of sometimes flabby publicity, a hearing for the needs of her homeland. The symbol of authority, of watchful care in governing places, thus reveals the common humanity which distance and separate nationalities sometimes obscure. Today a royal governor or an elected ruler is no longer a shepherd on a merely domestic scale; he must go out, look abroad, in the endeavor to make the ways of a singularly unified and interdependent world safe and profitable. Accordingly, there is a rare and appropriate majesty in the feast of Christ the King, which Catholics are observing for the first time on October 31 of this year. The triumphs and mercies of the Saviour have long since been observed with so much splendor that they are identified with the separate seasons. But hundreds of years—social cleavages, arrogant and destructive individualisms, wars more terrible than any human nightmare—were needed to reveal fully how catastrophic was the disruption and how necessary the rebuilding of the kingdom we call Christendom. It is not of this earth. No economic or political power is its rival, and none need fear its aggression. Solely the powers of darkness, which reap their tallest harvests where human minds are selfish and forgetful of order, stand marshaled for its doom. Pius XI, using the prerogative of the year of pilgrimage in addressing the world, therefore spoke in a fashion which merits the attention of all men, even those who observe no immediate fealty to Rome.

THE papal experience has been wonderfully broad and profound. It has watched the growth of what seemed slight and relatively harmless principles into rules of conduct almost universally taken for granted as paramount with the laws of nature. It has seen, for instance, how the habit of national expansion assumed that deeply rooted differences of race and culture might be ignored for the sake of economic gain. Through four years, the peoples of Christian Europe wrung their hands in utter desolation at the threshold of the Roman See, while the powers of earth were impotent to stave off their own destruction and the decline of a world. And so the Christ who walks abroad among men at the bidding of His earthly vicar, wears an aspect of pity as well as the mien of august power. To Him homage is not merely due, but necessarily paid, if we are to overcome a little the barbarisms which have forced us into chains of hate, destruction, rapine, and immeasurable greed. Make it a festival that all men of good will can share, as they profit by the affections of Christmas and the trumpets of Easter morn. For there is nobody who reflects, however incredulous and cynical he may be, who would not rejoice at the restoration of Christendom. The Saviour shall be King by universal acclaim.

IT was a very easy matter for the bankers of the world to declare that from a broad, humane point of view, the erection of tariff barriers in Central Europe is indefensible. The restrictions placed upon trading by many of the nations created by the war, has stifled industrial development and all but induced economic chaos. But it is not nearly so clear that these nations are in a position to open their doors to industry which is safeguarded at home by a policy of stern protection. The little, brand-new Central-European states are not industrial at all. Historically, they have never profited by a system of preferences and colonized capital. They may have acted foolishly in so far as their neighbors are concerned, but they were simply trying to do the best they could to imitate the methods of trade success in practice elsewhere. There are only two points of view from which the bankers' statement can be judged favorably. First, it was a mistake to dismember the Austro-Hungarian empire in the fashion which the treaty-makers adopted. They were so determined to get rid of an enemy and a force in southern Europe that they never stopped to consider how the business of scuttling might seriously impair a number of good things established under the Hapsburgs. It may be true that each and every people has the right to govern itself. But historically, geographically and economically, the nations made out of Austria and Hungary had been federalized. They could not be de-federalized without loss. Events have proved that, to what must be everybody's complete, if melancholy, satisfaction.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SECONDLY, one may well believe that it behooves modern Europe to pool its resources. The development of a satisfactory economic situation is not possible in any other way. Coal and iron separated from each other by insurmountable national barriers, become prohibitively dear. Agricultural products which might be turned into manufactured articles cheaply if they could be shipped, without exorbitant added costs, to a manufacturing centre that happens to be presided over by another flag, leave the farmer in penury as matters now stand. Today the natural solidarity of Europe, in so far as the machinery of commerce is concerned, is so obvious that even diehards clamor for it. This goal cannot be reached, however, through any such simple expedient as adopting the advice of men who have for the most part conquered attachments to things that make nationalism prosper, and who might be suspected of profiting considerably through uninterrupted trade. To them, business is everything; to the citizen who chants his own form of Marseillaise, it it not yet everything. For ourselves, we feel that if the solidarity of Europe is to be attained, it must come as a result of the extension of cooperative movements which, joining hands with similar groups in foreign places, will discover the advantages that come with pooled assets and gradually bring about the end of destructive barriers that have been erected in the name of politics.

MONSIGNOR SEIPEL, returning to political office as Chancellor in a new Austrian cabinet, faces one of the most important political tasks of his career. During the past few months, the Christian Social party has come to recognize the imminent danger to the existing status of religious education from radical opposition. Writing in The Commonweal during the past summer, Monsignor Seipel declared that those of his countrymen without religious convictions "feel that the influence of the Church is still far too great; and their goal is secularization of the fundamental Austrian law, after the fashion of those countries in which complete secularization of Church and state has already been carried through." Though divorce is also an issue, the basic theme of the contention is the school. Under the Austrian constitution, retained to some extent from the old imperial time, the Catholic system of education is subsidized by the state. Secularization would mean, therefore, a constitutional change. The radical argument is that the functions of religion and government ought to be entirely separate, and that those who do not favor "schools of faith" ought not to be obliged to support them. But though the point carries a certain lustre of justice, its fundamental weakness is apparent—even to an American. If only secular schools are to be subsidized from the public treasury, then those who do not favor secular schools must pay for them, as has been the case in the United States. In a country so generally Catholic as Austria, this would involve, not only moral loss, but also economic injustice. Of course, the battle envisages a good many other things. It is the culmination of a conflict now many years old, and the outcome depends ultimately upon the conservation and deepening of religious life in the nation. Monsignor Seipel is the ablest standard-bearer. Returning to his post with renewed health and vigor, he will no doubt restore some of the enthusiasm with which the Catholic program of social reform was urged in the era before the catastrophes of the world war.

AS yet, not much has come out of the Hoosier Klan investigations, and we scarcely believe much ever will. The visions of mammoth collusion and fraud conjured up by editors and a few ex-Kleagles are far too grandiose to jibe with the kind of secrecy that has run riot in Wabash land. They could have been entertained seriously and carried through effectively only by men with some noticeable supply of mental energy. The revelations of people like Emmons and the clandestine suggestions of Stevenson only emphasize again what has long since been obvious—that the Klan organized a great deal of potential political energy which nobody in charge knew how to use. It influenced campaigns in much the same way as knowledge of the existence of a third-rail modifies the conduct of a traveler across tracks. The great game was to grab off local jobs and wriggle close to the state government, the jury system, and some forms of municipal graft. Of course, a vast army of bigoted simpletons handed over $10.00 and wore hoods, but the entire outfit was incapable of piecing out as much discipline and purpose as is displayed by one normal Chicago "gang." We remember a Klan convocation which came together for speeches and a parade in the neighborhood of Indianapolis. It was honestly very harmless. Compared with an assemblage of the Five Nations, or a real old-fashioned Seneca pow-wow, it revealed nothing so well as the unfitness of the Anglo-Saxon invader into this continent to maintain the level of an existing civilization. In some places, secrecy means planning and power. In Indiana, it has meant cracker-boxes and tobacco-juice.

DURING twenty-seven years, the International Catholic Truth Society has carried on a work of enlightenment rendered very necessary by certain gulf-streams of religious ignorance which flow pretty regularly round the world. It is one thing to discuss differences amicably; it is another to trace calumnies to their underground sources and root them out. If scurrilous attacks upon Catholic persons and purposes are less prevalent now than they used to be, the reason is largely that courageous counter-attacks by this society have driven a number of scoundrels out of business, and so destroyed the worst sources of prejudice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Therefore gratitude is given with especial fitness to Monsignor William F. McGinnis, of Brooklyn, who recently received tokens of appreciation in the form of the papal purple, and of a testimonial dinner arranged by friends and co-workers. Many pertinent things were said upon the occasion, but none is remembered so well as the comment of Father Wynne. He declared that apologetics in this age must be scrupulously fair and written in a manner calculated to emphasize the universality of Catholic tradition and the beauty of Catholic life. This principle has always governed the activity of the society, whose founder has enriched his spirit with a wide knowledge of men and their ways. Monsignor McGinnis is old enough to realize that a good deed done for mankind is soon forgotten unless it is followed by a constant series of other deeds equally good. His hope and ours is, therefore, that long, bright years of "going ahead" may be in store for him.

EUGENE V. DEBS was a man with whom many differed, but whom no one could hold in scorn. The Socialist movement in the United States has been supported by more brilliant intellects and vastly more crafty souls. He stood almost alone, however, in the constant devotion he bore to the cause of indigent labor. A certain sense of the brightness of civilization from which the poor were outcasts, illuminated all his plans for the social commonwealth that was to be. During the whole of his life there was nothing he might really hope to gain in a personal way, the political office for which he offered himself as a candidate so many times being hopelessly out of reach. In the end, a severe prison sentence likewise failed to make a martyr of him, so indifferent had the majority of Americans become toward the insurgent idealisms for which Debs consistently fought. It is perhaps even true that the community of radicals who honored his death have departed so far from his methods and standards that he could mean nothing more than a precursor to them. But though beaten, outlawed, and superseded, the man abides because he was truly personal and great. We need only add in this place that interest in and respect for religious belief remained always a distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Debs's mind. Compared with some of the bright and busy little chaps who, in their capacity as annexes to modern business, make ready to develop the "sales possibilities" of the church, this former Socialist leader was a good friend of faith. Though we believe he was fundamentally wrong in the conclusions he drew from the spectacle of social injustice, let him be respected for sturdily standing above cheapness, insincerity, and—contentment.

THERE are few periodicals that can celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of their foundation with the clear conscience and the sense of a century of well-doing, that the Youth's Companion can. For generations it has served the American boy with a healthy expression of national and manly ideals; it has avoided in periods of controversy anything that might stain or wound young minds and hearts. Thousands of men look back on the formative years of their boyhood with a sense of gratitude to the present and former editors of the Youth's Companion. The founder of this unique periodical was the distinguished American poet and man of letters, Nathaniel P. Willis, the descendant of several generations of Congregational forbears. In April, 1827, his first issue was directed to a Sunday-school audience, and this venture for young readers was shortly followed by the foundation of the Atlantic Monthly, the organ of another distinguished group—Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes—regarded at first as a dangerous influence, but eventually accepted as the norm of what we now know as New England liberal thought.

RELIGIOUS foundations in the far West are not so numerous that the fire which destroyed the Benedictine institution at Mount Angel, Oregon, can be considered merely one among current calamities. Forty-four years of patient labor in a land that only a short time ago was part of the frontier, had built up an abbey, college, and seminary notable for civic influence and intellectual culture. Mount Angel College was a repository for valuable books, records, and manuscripts; its buildings were valued at $1,000,000; and the agricultural work undertaken by it was extensive and promising. In one night, fire wiped out everything, growing from a spark enkindled by defective wiring in an out building until the whole place was wrapped in flames. But though the loss is heavy and to some extent irreparable, Benedictine energy has surmounted many similar catastrophes. At present, Dom Alcuin Heibel, rector of Mount Angel College, is busily soliciting funds for the reconstruction of the foundation. We feel certain that Americans, who always respond so generously to the call of need, will bear his plea charitably in mind.

WE have spent an hour in the company of a little book which purports to be the reflections of an educated Asiatic reader upon certain fundamental qualities of English literary art. Nowadays one expects almost anything of the oriental mind; we should really be vastly entertained by a neat Japanese dithyramb upon the masters of our own poetic tradition; and it must be conceded that the present little book has to do with great names. So far, everything is well. The literary town-crier would raise no great alarum over the matter. But unfortunately the author's wares are a convincing proof of how poorly Japanese who come to this country for an education are trained. One looks in vain for a trace of his own—the eagerly expected oriental—mind. There are merely a few timid

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reactions, lustreless and without inspiration. Instead, one gets an almost endless series of quotations from the works of professorial writers—quotations arranged with the most careful art of pedantry, and adapted to bar the writer from the use of his own intelligence. It would be futile to insist upon the point, were it not for the fact that what is called "scholarship" is often nothing more than dexterity in swinging a censer before a professorial throne. Nor can another aspect of the little volume escape attention: it is not English of any recognizable variety, but a hodge-podge of dejected clauses looking about in vain for something with which to claim kinship. Here again, there is an example of what is alarmingly prevalent in dissertorial literature—a mistaken fancy that heaps of information are a better testimonial to ability than is mastery of form. After all, however, we may charitably take our author at his word and smile approvingly when he says, "My claim, if there is any, for any contribution toward the study of English poetry is a very modest one." Such claims usually are very modest indeed. Honesty is always disarming.

A SCIENTIFIC forgery, if one may use the phrase, of first-class importance has recently been exposed by an American man of science. For some years the biological world has been torn asunder by a controversy as to the validity of the experiments by Kammerer, an Austrian, to establish the heredity of acquired conditions. It is evident to all what importance attaches to this point, for if a condition acquired by the action of environment cannot be inherited, what becomes of the specific ideas of Darwin? Kammerer claimed that he had produced in a frog a certain modification in the nature of a pad on the foreleg, and other modifications also which he asserted were hereditary. Some believed in him. Others did not, and among these was the late Professor Bateson. Dr. Kingsley Noble, of the American Museum of Natural History, went to Vienna to inspect the famous specimens. Kammerer claimed that most of his material had been destroyed during the war and that there was only one specimen in existence. When that was exhibited, it appeared that the pad was not a pad at all, but a dark stain on the leg, and that the stain was a species of tattooing and plainly of ink. Moreover, the black salamanders of which so much had been made were similarly faked. It was said that Kammerer, disgusted by the treatment he received in Vienna, had become a socialist and was considering the acceptance of an important position offered to him by the Soviet government in Russia. It was to the Communistic Academy at Moscow that he wrote his last letter before committing suicide, admitting the faking of the animals, but claiming that it was done without his knowledge and that he was in entire ignorance of the fact until it was discovered by Dr. Noble. The public will draw its own conclusion.

JEAN COCTEAU'S "ORPHÉE"

THAT there was something almost spectacular in the conversion of Jean Cocteau, the most brilliant of the young French literary "modernists," few will deny. It was like turning from the crudities of current argot to the rich symbolism of ecclesiastical Latin. Getting rid of improper literary habits is one of the severest tasks of religious discipline. And so naturally enough, the appearance of Cocteau's most recent work, the drama Orphée, was awaited with something comparable to bated breath. Had Cocteau decided to turn classicist, as the title made famous by Gluck and others seemed to indicate?

We cannot outline the new version of an ancient fable here. Suffice it to say that the characters appear in modern raiment and speak the language employed by the average citizen sufficiently educated to know that rules of grammar must not be confused with the fate of nations; that Orpheus is a young literary man whose wife, a thoroughly up-to-date and really most charming creature, is jealous of the Pegasus that, in a very concrete form, gets most of her husband's domestic attention. She therefore plots with a strange and handy individual for the removal of Pegasus, but is herself caught in the trap and carried off by death. The husband, now suddenly aware of his wife's perfections, goes in pursuit, thus bringing the fable round to an interesting and satisfying conclusion. Cocteau uses the machinery of this ingenious and often satirical play in the mood of a subtle and not very naïve moralist. At the conclusion Orpheus sits at the table, round which the light of the Christian world is beautiful and strong, praying: "Lord, we thank Thee for having saved Eurydice because, out of love, she slew the devil in the form of an angel. We thank Thee for having saved me also, because I adored poetry whereas Thou art truly poetry." Thus a note of the personal brings the cycle round to a close, and the total effect is rich and suggestive.

Cocteau obviously joins hands with those playwrights who strive to place the invisible world upon the scene through the medium of visible things. His own epigraph puts the matter clearly: "The amateurs of our time are mistaken in not loving anything but the visible." And thus Orphée is quite as much a mystery play as the most definitely mediaeval offerings of Henri Ghéon. What matter if the fable has been derived from antiquity and transposed into ultra-modernity? The statement of Coventry Patmore that Venus might be a quite Christian art-subject has not been sounded to the bottom. Jean Cocteau is said to have been disappointed by the fact that his audiences merely applauded his drama as an amusing spectacle and ignored, relatively speaking, the import of the lines and scenes. But this is, after all, not discouraging. It is a long time since a moralist has been considered appetizingly pleasant. The portent is excellent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VARIOUS PARTY PROGRAMS

AMERICANS engaged just now in choosing between political candidates and parties may at least take comfort in knowing that they are not so hard pressed in making a decision as are many of their counterparts at the voting booths in other lands. In revolutionary Russia, the temporary defeat of Trotsky indicates a rift between certain members of the Central Committee and the Secretariat. This rift in turn appears to imply that two parties are in a process of formation within the solidarity of Sovietism. According to Max Eastman, Lenin foresaw the coming disunion and recommended the "removal" of Stalin as a preventive.

But perhaps not even this gentle prophylactic measure could have forestalled indefinitely the rise of antagonistic political organizations, the one pledged to the continuance of the full revolutionary program and the other favoring a gradual development of middle-class participation in the social business. To all appearances, Stalin is loyally abiding by his principle of conciliation; and if he succeeds, confidence in Russia ought to be restored, not only among Russians, but also among sundry other folk throughout the world.

In Germany, the greatest of all purely political issues seems to be this: Can the Centrum keep on being a "middle party" or must it associate itself definitely with one or the other of two great streams of public feeling? The former chancellor, Dr. Wirth, is the spokesman of a group which feels that Germany will soon have no need of a third party. He pleads for a consolidation of all groups more or less closely identified with the "Left," hoping thus to use the power of the Centrum in defending the present republican form of government, carrying out a program of social relief, and mitigating the dangers that may come from a radically socialistic advance to power. In behalf of Dr. Wirth's views, it can be said that Catholic principles of reform, especially as they apply to labor, can hardly be transferred into effective practice unless they can gain the support of those who hold to similar standards for different reasons. Against them, it can be stated that the attempt to give the Centrum an emphatically "Left" label would alienate many supporters and so weaken the effectiveness of what has been traditionally a great organization and a resolute guardian of the rights, liberties, and cultural acquisitions of Catholics in Germany. The opponents of Dr. Wirth also urge that a frank acceptance of a "two-party" system would mean assenting to a growing concentration of governmental power, whereas the Centrist ideal has always been a healthy federalism capable of unifying the separate states while allowing to each considerable autonomous control. Beyond all doubt, the clash has aroused a great deal of discussion and has developed protagonists on both sides. In such matters, the opinion of an American spectator is of little value. But one is reassured by Dr. Wirth's outspoken expression of loyalty to the party and by the knowledge that, however iconoclastic his views may seem, they are unquestionably expressed in good faith and supported by experienced knowledge of the political scene. On the other hand, opposition to centralized government is certainly a characteristic of traditional Catholic feeling and is easily discerned even in the United States.

The French attitude toward domestic affairs is still largely governed by intense dissatisfaction with the present parliamentary system. But there does not appear to be any great danger at present that the way is open to anything more astonishing than a mildly personal dictatorship. Though l'Action Française has undoubtedly increased in numbers, its powerlessness is indicated by the fact that during the worst crisis the Third Republic ever faced—the invitation to M. Herriot to form a ministry—the only royal person who came to mind was the dead Duc d'Orleans. The attack levied at the party by the Cardinal of Bordeaux does not alter the status of monarchistic action. It was patently directed at Charles Maurras personally and drew attention to the fact that a man who does not himself profess the Catholic faith cannot safely be taken as a guide in the interpretation of the Church's tradition and scope. On the other hand, the influence of moderate socialism is also waning noticeably. Fascism and Sovietism are, after all, two critiques of liberalistic political theory which cannot be overlooked in France—where, by the way, both originated. Perhaps the effect is already discernible in the marked stabilizing influence of Poincaré.

As an interesting sample of what effect these critiques are having upon intellectual coteries in modern Gaul, we offer the following observations by Drieu de la Rochelle: "The nineteenth century was a century of doctrines; the twentieth century is a century of methods. Of course, we shall not arrive in the twinkling of an eye at the suppression of politics as in Russia and Italy—at, that is, a collaboration of all the economic groups. But in any case, during the present period of transition, there is room in France for only two great political organisms—a great bourgeois party and a great labor party, which are only alignments created to negotiate their approaching fusion into a new society, wherein everybody will be (what is already the case in social habits) a little of a capitalist and a little of a salaried worker, a little of a communist and a little of a Fascist. It is up to us to begin by getting rid of all "middle parties": the Radical is dying in France, the Liberal in England, the Centrist in Germany. For Italy and Russia, these all are now extinct species." The diagnosis may be a little premature, but perhaps something might be gathered in its support even from contemporary affairs in the United States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO RULES THESE UNITED STATES?

By MARK O. SHRIVER

POLITICS everywhere, and all that goes with it, is ruled and regulated by that insubstantial but very real thing known as the machine, or in happier phrase generally in use among the cogs and components thereof, the organization, but just who or what that may be depends on ever-varying general and local conditions. It will be interesting, and profitable perhaps, to glimpse some odd phases of the business of elections and to consider the rules under which this great game of politics, as it is called, is played.

How do they do it? The answer is not a hard one. There is this organization on the job. It never rests. It operates day in and day out; year in and year out; when elections are imminent and when they are but history of the day before; when reformers are at ease, resting on laurels hardily won, in fancied security and complacence. These reform victories, when they do occasionally come, are but the flutter of a public aspiration to virtue, and an evidence of a state of affairs far out of the ordinary. Some extraordinary occurrence, some flagrant breach of trust or exposure of startling graft is seized upon, and in the resulting pother the cohorts of the righteous foregather and the gang is forthwith thrown out upon its neck. Reformers, however, act on impulse and quit when the spasm has passed and the instant fight won. Not so with the gang. It is built from the ground up. Precincts, the smallest voting unit, are divided into sections, and section leaders work under and report to precinct executives, and these in turn to ward leaders, and they to district chiefs, and so it goes.

From a single city block the system expands to include states and the whole country. The gang makes its living from politics and pickings and the living, too, of all who work and train with it. Immediately it starts to win back what it has lost, as it must do to save its skin, and its skin is always saved. No so-called reform victory ever has been or ever will be permanent until a great change comes over the people.

No machine is invincible, despite the generally established belief that it cannot be beaten, for the organization in any community is a pitiably small percentage of the total possible vote, but it is an organized percentage. If every man and woman entitled to, would register and vote, the machine and its candidates would never have the chance of the proverbial snowball unless, and only unless, the organization stood for those things sought for and demanded by the great mass of the people. Americans, for some reason, avoid taking the time and trouble to register and of those who take the first step many shun the second effort of going to the polls on election days to drop a ballot in the box. There are always some who vote, of course, but their vote is scattered while the machine concentrates on machine favorites. Any machine with its cohorts well aligned, its workers primed, its votes as good as in the box before the polls are opened can, with the aid of the ever faithful—faithless is a better word—few, who vote the ticket straight because their fathers did, rule our communities year on year, world without end.

How, it may be asked, does the machine manage this concentration, how gather all these folk with divergent views on horse-racing, economics, religion, and every other topic under the sun to the same standard? Jobs is one answer. Jobs, patronage, but it is far from an inclusive one. For every job open and available there are a dozen applicants, and of these but one can land, leaving the eleven disappointed and disgruntled. The stupid rage for "voting the ticket" is an answer; the men and women who vote for Democrats or Republicans because they always have; who put the X mark against Judas K. Iscariot if he happens to show the proper party designation; the sort of prejudice that keeps Georgia and Vermont and Utah solid, honest though it be, is a mighty aid to the venal forces of a political machine. Favors is an answer. A new and shiny street-light on a dark corner may mean the votes of all the groping denizens of the district. Resurfacing the rough street, or an extra call by the garbage collector makes thousands willing, eager to listen to the worker or runner who passes out "the word" as it has come down the line from the big boss who is careful to avoid the spotlight.

Then there is the personal side. The boss gives liberally to the poor; he is the adviser and helper of the needy; he has milk and ice supplied to sick babies in the summer; he is the one to whom the people turn when trouble comes with the policeman or the magistrate—not a nice thought, but a true one none the less. His gifts may be only a dollar here and a dollar there, or a trip to the shore or down the bay after the fashion of beloved little Tim of Tammany, but it is the sought-for, the wished-for gift, and that is what counts in the long run. Such men control all elections; they bring out the voters and get the ballots in the box, the only place a ballot is worth a hoot, and they have them counted. They name candidates for office from the President down. They make our history, for when all is said and done, history is nothing in the world but politics of the past. They reach power and hold it because men and women, forgetful of the sacrifices of the men who made America, will not take the time or trouble to rule themselves, and so are ruled by those willing to labor for power.

There is no majority rule in the United States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elections, it is true, are generally carried by a majority of the voters, but hardly more than 75 percent of the eligibles are on the books, and save in the rarest of instances, in the heat of some intensive campaign, do as many as 80 percent of the registered ones turn out to exercise a freeman's privilege. With a vote, then, far above the average, about 60 percent of the possible vote is cast. The machine voter is there first. He gets in early to be on the safe side; he is taking no chance of sudden and unprovided death; his job is set out and he attends to it. When the count is made, a tiny fraction over half of that 60 percent carries the day and 31 percent of possible voters can and do control elections everywhere. Government such as we get when people fail to vote is almost, as it should be, government without the law. People are not compelled to vote but there are wise statesmen who believe they should be. The difficulties of purchase and sale of political favor would be greatly increased if careless millions would give just a little thought to the duties of citizenship. Such purchase could be stopped almost entirely if people would only vote, for prohibitive costs would be a bar if nothing else was. Even the resources of those a beloved President called malefactors of great wealth are not altogether without any limit.

There is another phase of misrepresentation not too generally understood and appreciated either. Consider the plight of every one of our larger American cities. The Constitution provides for reallotment of representatives according to population every ten years, but there has been none since the 1920 census and representation still stands on the basis of 1910 when rural population was in excess of the urban. The drift to the cities has been strong these last sixteen years and the preponderance of rural influence has increased as the right to it under equitable apportionment has diminished.

According to figures collected by William P. Helm and printed in the Baltimore Sun, 8,000,000 people have been added to 261 cities of 30,000 and over between 1910 and 1920, an increase of 27 percent. In the same period, the rest of the country has increased only 9 percent, giving urban localities a growth three times as great as rural ones. Even in 1910 the farmers had a tremendous edge, with one representative for each 235,000 people while the city men were forced to be content with one for each 282,000. In 1910, the population of the twelve leading cities was some 13,150,000 and today it is almost 17,000,000, an increase of about 24 percent to match a rural growth of something like 15 percent. Take specific examples. Detroit, which had a population of 465,000, is on the brink of a million, and entitled to five congressmen instead of the two she has. Her voice is reduced to one vote for 500,000 citizens while that of the United States as a whole is one for each 242,000. Baltimore has two congressmen wholly within her limits and is entitled to three and would then have enough surplus for half another; New York lacks four; Chicago, with ten, should have fourteen; Philadelphia, with seven, should have nine; and Los Angeles and Cleveland, with one and three, should have three and four. The penalty of rapid urban growth is increasingly heavy deprivation of just representation in the lower house by the national Congress. The Congress is dominated by rural evangelicals who operate through countless agencies and exercise a tremendous influence on venerable senators and less substantial congressmen and so, when certain influences cry out for respect for the Constitution and the laws passed in pursuance thereof, surely here is one feature deserving of at least a modicum of attention. Especial hardship is worked on states such as New York, Illinois, Michigan, and Maryland, which have one preponderatingly large city, and so ominous is it that suggestion has been seriously made that Chicago should secede from Illinois, and proposals for a new State of Manhattan have been heard at intervals these many years.

The national status is but a reflection of conditions within the states. Maryland is no unfair example. Of 147 members of her legislature, 105 are country men; yet Baltimore has over half the population and pays more than 60 percent of the taxes collected. That additional bloc of city votes in the national Congress would have had something to say on much of the legislation that has been palmed off on the country during the past ten years, and it is not unlikely our history would have been written in another key had equal representation been granted to all Americans. Yet, people get the kind of government they wish and if there be those who will not vote then must they be content with the voting others do for them.

Bridge Player

"Double no trump!" She peers
Over eye-glasses,
Gauging her hand; and sneers
As partner passes.

"Meant you to take me out!"
There is no twinkle
In wrathful eyes; a pout
Deepens each wrinkle.

Merciless toward mistakes
Of friends; bewails two
Tricks lost; glad if she makes,
Fierce if she fails to.

Her sixty odd years tell
She (unforgiving,
Lost years!) played bridge too well
To play at living!

JOHN HANLON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COURSE OF CONVERSION

III. THE WORLD INSIDE OUT

By G. K. CHESTERTON

THE first fallacy about the Catholic Church is the idea that it is a church. I mean that it is a church in the sense in which the Nonconformist newspapers talk about "the churches." I do not intend any expression of contempt about "the churches"; nor is it an expression of contempt to say that it would be more convenient to call them the sects. This is true in a much deeper and more sympathetic sense than may at first appear; but to begin with, it is certainly true in a perfectly plain and historical sense, which has nothing to do with sympathy at all.

Thus, for instance, I have much more sympathy for small nationalities than I have for small sects. But it is simply an historical fact that the Roman empire was the empire and that it was not a small nationality. And it is simply an historical fact that the Roman Church is the Church and is not a sect. Nor is there anything narrow or unreasonable in saying that the Church is the Church. It may be a good thing that the Roman empire broke up into nations; but it certainly was not one of the nations into which it broke up. And even a person who thinks it fortunate that the Church broke up into sects ought to be able to distinguish between the little things he likes and the big thing he has broken. As a matter of fact, in the case of things so large, so unique and so creative of the culture about them as were the Roman empire and the Roman Church, it is not controversial, but simply correct to confine the one word to the one example. Everybody who originally used the word "empire" used it of that empire; everybody who used the word "ecclesia" used it of that ecclesia. There may have been similar things in other places, but they could not be called by the same name for the simple reason that they were not named in the same language. We know what we mean by a Roman emperor; we can, if we like, talk of a Chinese emperor, just as we can, if we like, take a particular sort of a mandarin and say he is equivalent to a marquis. But we never can be certain that he is exactly equivalent; for the thing we are thinking about is peculiar to our own history and in that sense stands alone.

Now in that, if in no other sense, the Catholic Church stands alone. It does not merely belong to a class of Christian churches. It does not merely belong to a class of human religions. Considered quite coldly and impartially, as by a man from the moon, it is much more sui generis than that. It is, if the critic chooses to think so, the ruin of an attempt at a universal religion which was bound to fail. But calling the wreckers to break up a ship does not turn the ship into one of its own timbers; and cutting Poland up into three pieces does not make Poland the same as Posen.

But in a much more profound and philosophical sense, this notion that the Church is one of the sects is the great fallacy of the whole affair. It is a matter more psychological and more difficult to describe. But it is, perhaps, the most sensational of the silent upheavals or reversals in the mind that constitute the revolution called conversion. Every man conceives himself as moving about in a cosmos of some kind; and the man of the days of my youth walked about in a kind of vast and airy crystal palace in which there were exhibits set side by side. The cosmos, being made of glass and iron, was partly transparent and partly colorless; anyhow, there was something negative about it; arching over all our heads, a roof as remote as a sky, it seemed to be impartial and impersonal. Our attention was fixed on the exhibits, which were all carefully ticketed and arranged in rows; for it was the age of science. Here stood all the religions in a row—the churches or sects or whatever we called them; and toward the end of the row there was a particularly dingy and dismal one, with a pointed roof half fallen in and pointed windows, most of them broken with stones by passers-by; and we were told that this particular exhibit was the Roman Catholic Church. Some of us were sorry for it and even fancied it had been rather badly used; most of us regarded it as dirty and disreputable; a few of us even pointed out that many details in the ruin were artistically beautiful or architecturally important. But most people preferred to deal at other and more business-like booths; at the Quaker shop of peace and plenty, or the Salvation Army store where the showman beat the big drum outside.

Now conversion consists very largely, on its intellectual side, in the discovery that all that picture of equal creeds inside an indifferent cosmos is quite false. It is not a question of comparing the merits and defects of the Quaker meeting-house set beside the Catholic cathedral. It is the Quaker meeting-house that is inside the Catholic cathedral; it is the Catholic cathedral that covers everything like the vault of the crystal palace; and it is when we look up at the vast distant dome covering all the exhibits that we trace the Gothic roof and the pointed windows. In other words, Quakerism is but a temporary form of quietism which has arisen technically outside the Church as the quietism of Fénelon appeared technically inside the Church. But both were in themselves tem-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

porary and would have, like Fénelon, sooner or later to return to the Church in order to live. The principle of life in all these variations of Protestantism, in so far as it is not a principle of death, consists of what remained in them of Catholic Christendom; and to Catholic Christendom they have always returned to be recharged with vitality. I know that this will sound like a statement to be challenged; but it is true.

The return of Catholic ideas to the separated parts of Christendom was often, indeed, indirect. But though the influence came through many centres, it always came from one. It came through the Romantic movement, a glimpse of the mere picturesqueness of mediaevalism; but it is something more than an accident that romances, like Romance languages, are named after Rome. Or it came through the instinctive reaction of old-fashioned people like Johnson or Scott or Cobbett, wishing to save old elements that had originally been Catholic against a progress that was merely capitalist. But it led them to denounce that capitalist progress and become, like Cobbett, practical foes of Protestantism without being practising followers of Catholicism. Or it came from the Pre-Raphaelities or the opening of continental art and culture by Matthew Arnold and Morris and Ruskin and the rest. But examine the actual make-up of the mind of a good Quaker or Congregational minister at this moment, and compare it with the mind of such a dissenter in the Little Bethel before such culture came. And you will see how much of his health and happiness he owes to Ruskin, and what Ruskin owed to Giotto; to Morris, and what Morris owed to Chaucer; to fine scholars of his own school, like Philip Wicksteed, and what they owe to Dante and Saint Thomas. Such a man will still sometimes talk of the middle-ages as the dark ages. But the dark ages have improved the wall-paper on his wall and the dress on his wife and all the whole dingy and vulgar life which he lived in the days of Stiggins and Brother Tadger. For he also is a Christian and lives only by the life of Christendom.

It is not easy to express this enormous inversion which I have here tried to suggest in the image of a world turned inside out. I mean that the thing which had been stared at as a small something swells out and swallows everything. Christendom is, in the literal sense, a continent. We come to feel that it contains everything, even the things in revolt against itself. But it is perhaps the most towering intellectual transformation of all and the one that it is hardest to undo even for the sake of argument. It is almost impossible even in imagination to reverse that reversal. Another way of putting it is to say that we have come to regard all these historical figures as characters in Catholic history, even if they are not Catholics. And in a certain sense—the historical as distinct from the theological sense—they never do cease to be Catholic. They are not people who have really created something entirely new, until they actually pass the border of reason and create more or less crazy nightmares. But nightmares do not last; and most of them even now are in various stages of waking up. Protestants are Catholics gone wrong; that is what is really meant by saying they are Christians. Sometimes they have gone very wrong; but not often have they gone right ahead with their own particular wrong.

Thus a Calvinist is a Catholic obsessed with the Catholic idea of the sovereignty of God. But when he makes it mean that God wishes particular people to be damned, we may say with all restraint that he has become a rather morbid Catholic. In point of fact, he is a diseased Catholic; and the disease, left to itself, would be death or madness. But, as a matter of fact, the disease did not last long, and is itself now practically dead. But every step he takes back toward humanity is a step back toward Catholicism. Thus a Quaker is a Catholic obsessed with the Catholic idea of gentle simplicity and truth. But when he made it mean that it is a lie to say "you" and an act of idolatry to take off your hat to a lady, it is not too much to say that whether or not he had a hat off, he certainly had a tile loose. But, as a matter of fact, he himself found it necessary to dispense with the eccentricity (and the hat) and to leave the straight road that would have led him to a lunatic asylum. Only every step he takes back toward common sense is a step back toward Catholicism. In so far as he was right, he was a Catholic; and in so far as he was wrong, he has not himself been able to remain a Protestant.

To us, therefore, it is henceforth impossible to think of the Quaker as a figure at the beginning of a new Quaker history, or the Calvinist as the founder of a new Calvinistic world. It is quite obvious to us that they are simply characters in our own Catholic history, only characters who caused a great deal of trouble by trying to do something that we could do better and that they did not really do at all. Now some may suppose that this can be maintained of the older sects like Calvinists and Quakers, but cannot be maintained of modern movements like those of socialists or Spiritualists. But they will be quite wrong. The covering or continental character of the Church applies just as much to modern manias as to the old religious manias; it applies quite as much to materialists or Spiritualists as to Puritans. In all of them you find that some Catholic dogma is, first, taken for granted; then, exaggerated into an error; and then, generally reacted against and rejected as an error, bringing the individual in question a few steps back again on the homeward road. And this is almost always the mark of such a heretic; that, while he will wildly question any other Catholic dogma, he never dreams of questioning his own favorite Catholic dogma, does not even seem to know it could be questioned.

It never occurred to the Calvinist that anybody

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might use his liberty to deny or limit the divine omnipotence, or to the Quaker that anyone could question the supremacy of simplicity. That is exactly the situation of the socialist. Bolshevism and every shade of any such theory of brotherhood is based upon one unfathomably mystical Catholic dogma: the equality of men. The communists stake everything on the equality of men, as the Calvinists staked everything on the omnipotence of God. They ride it to death as the others rode their dogma to death, turning their horse into a nightmare. But it never seems to occur to them that some people do not believe in the Catholic dogma of the mystical equality of men. Yet there are many, even among Christians, who are so heretical as to question it. The socialists get into a great tangle when they try to apply it; they compromise with their own ideals; they modify their own doctrine; and so find themselves, like the Quakers and the Calvinists, after all their extreme extravagances, a day's march nearer Rome.

In short, the story of these sects is not one of straight lines striking outward and onward, though if it were, they would all be striking in different directions. It is a pattern of curves continually returning into the continent and common life of their and our civilization; and the summary of that civilization and central sanity is the philosophy of the Catholic Church. To us, Spiritualists are men studying the existence of spirits, in a brief and blinding oblivion of the existence of evil spirits. They are, as it were, people just educated enough to have heard of ghosts, but not educated enough to have heard of witches. If the evil spirits succeed in stopping their education and stunting their minds, they may, of course, go on forever repeating silly messages from Plato and doggerel verses from Milton. But if they do go a step or two further, instead of marking time on the borderland, their next step will be to learn what the Church could have taught. To us, Christian Scientists are simply people with one idea, which they have never learned to balance and combine with all the other ideas. That is why the wealthy business man so often becomes a Christian Scientist. He is not used to ideas and one idea goes to his head, like one glass of wine to a starving man.

But the Catholic Church is used to living with ideas and walks among all those very dangerous wild beasts with the poise and the lifted head of a lion-tamer. The Christian Scientist can go on monotonously repeating his one idea and remain a Christian Scientist. But if ever he really goes on to any other ideas, he will be so much the nearer to being a Catholic.

FAILURES OF OUR HIGHER SCHOOLS

By JAMES BURNS

SOME time ago, I put the following question to two representative Catholic alumni: "Suppose two young men, about equally talented, enter college. One of them devotes himself whole-heartedly to books and study, his only ambition being along this line. Yet, he is not a 'wall-flower'; he is interested in whatever is going on; he takes exercise of some sort, goes to games, and may go to a social gathering now and then, and so for other matters; but he does not 'go in' for such things with anything like a leading purpose, his leading purpose being study, with all that goes with it, and nothing more. He graduates with high honors. The other young man gets through his studies successfully, but he becomes an outstanding leader in 'student activities,' devoting much of his time to these, and doing such intellectual work only as he is strictly obliged to do in order to get his degree. Now, these two young men go out in the world: how are they going to turn out in the course of the years?"

Such was the question I put to these two Catholic men, each a graduate of a cultural course of studies, and each having had quite a successful business career. One of them promptly gave this answer, to which the other unhesitatingly agreed: "Here is the way they will be apt to turn out. That leader in 'student activities' will in time become the head of a big corporation, and your honor student might, perhaps, attain to the position of his private secretary."

Now, I was not particularly surprised at this answer. The case given, no doubt, often works out in some such way, although not always. But what did surprise me, on further conversation, was to see that this settlement of the case was regarded by them as complete and final. Their conclusion was, that one of these college graduates became a big, rich, influential business man and therefore a great success in life, while the other's comparative poverty and obscurity meant simply failure. This view of the function of college education is common enough, but I was not prepared to believe that it is accepted by the alumni of Catholic colleges. Nor do I know to what extent this is so. But there is evidently a special danger here for Catholic education, the danger of its becoming infected by the Mammon-worship of the age and of abandoning the noble ideals which have come down to us from the past. "Both school and college," says President Nicholas Murray Butler, speaking of American education in general, "have in large part taken their minds off the true business of education, which is to prepare youth to live, and have fixed them upon something which is very subordinate, namely, how to prepare youth to make a living." Is it not to be feared

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that our Catholic youth, both at school and college, all too readily fall in with this feature of the prevailing materialistic philosophy of life and adopt it as an ideal?

This utilitarian theory of education is by no means peculiar to our country or time. If it is especially attributable to America, this is so only because those who are influenced by it are relatively more numerous here, and because educators themselves, here more than elsewhere, accept it and help to propagate it. At any rate, the duty of Catholic education is clear. Today, as in past ages, we must stand firmly for cultural as opposed to materialistic ideals of life. This, too, is a substantial part of our great educational heritage. In the words of Bishop Spalding, we hold that "culture is an end in itself, and brings its own reward. Just as those who are truly religious do not value their faith for any worldly advantage which it may give them, so the disciples of culture cannot consider the pursuit of excellence as a means of success. The knowledge is more than its use, and they choose rather to be intelligent than to be rich or powerful or in office. To urge the pursuit of learning with a view to money-making is apostasy from light, is desertion to the enemies of the soul."

The first purpose of every true Catholic college or university must be "to mold and fashion men." Its policies must be guided by the settled conviction that the more a man's mind with all its powers, including thought, emotion and volition, is developed, the greater will become his capacity for personal happiness as well as his power of benefiting his fellow-men. With more than this, the college or university need not be concerned. There are many ways in which a truly educated man may employ his powers, for his highest personal advantage, or the highest advantage of his fellow-men, without his ever attaining to riches or any sort of external domination.

If we have a clear conception of our own ideals, we shall be better prepared to take up the various practical questions which may be involved in the realization of those ideals under given circumstances. If, for instance, we fully accept the principle that "culture is an end in itself and brings its own reward," we shall be less likely to yield to the temptation to displace cultural studies from their traditional preëminence in the college curriculum, in order to increase the enrolment. It may be a wise thing to establish commercial and preprofessional departments, whether it be question of a small college or of a university. Circumstances may make this advisable or even necessary. A college, after all, has to have students in sufficient number to enable it to meet its expenses. The question will still remain, however, as to which studies shall be stressed, whether through the action of the faculty or our individual influence.

Very much can be done through personal advice, especially with the incoming freshmen. Many a high-school graduate, who has not made up his mind as to just what he will study for, can be led to take the full classical curriculum, if its supreme advantages are made clear to him. This curriculum was never more desirable than at the present time. In the judgment of the ripest scholars, there is still no equally effective substitute for it in the field of purely cultural studies. And if the best cultural education should produce the highest qualities of human leadership, in what other way can we so wisely provide for the training of those who are to be the Catholic leaders of the future? Our educational traditions, the clerical character of most of our teachers, the bent of mind of most of our students—all point to the old humanistic studies as the field wherein we shall achieve the greatest educational results.

Again, if we clearly recognize that the chief business of higher education is "to mold and fashion men," we should not find so difficult the problem which is puzzling many earnest educators today, namely, how best to care for those specially gifted or eager minds that are found in every class entering college. This is probably the most important practical question which college and university men have to deal with, on the academic side. Freshmen and sophomores are so numerous at the large colleges and universities, and there are so many distracting influences there, that it is difficult to provide for that attention to the individual student on the part of the professor which is requisite for really effective teaching. Yet, it is precisely in the freshman and sophomore years that the student, especially the talented or more serious student, needs such personal attention most. At many places, practical measures are being tried with a view to overcoming the difficulties of the situation. There is a growing feeling, however, that during the first two years of his college life, the student will ordinarily be better off in the well-staffed, well-equipped, and well-conducted small college. He will have better opportunity there than he could have at a large school, of coming into intimate personal touch with his teachers, while at the same time he will be better safeguarded from distracting influences. A single great teacher, at such a college, will be able to exercise an influence which will be felt by every earnest student.

A quarter of a century ago, one often heard it said that the day of the conventional small college was gone, and that the future would see only junior colleges and universities. Such predictions have not been verified. On the contrary, the small four-year colleges, notwithstanding the immense growth of the universities, are stronger and more numerous than ever. The highly successful fund-raising campaigns conducted by so many of them show how securely they possess the confidence, not only of their own alumni, but also of the general public. This applies equally to Catholic colleges. Their collegiate enrolment is steadily increasing. It is true that many of their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

students drift away from them, during or at the end of the first two years, and go to larger schools; still, they are able to retain a sufficient enrolment in the two upper years to maintain their character as finishing schools; and the better they are staffed and equipped for their work, the larger is the percentage of their students who continue with them until graduation. A college of between two hundred and five hundred collegiate students should be able to realize ideal conditions for higher cultural education; but it must have, along with the necessary equipment, a sufficient staff of earnest, capable teachers. Here, as everywhere else in the realm of higher education, the chief factor in the achievement of success will be the quality of the teaching.

As to the university, it is generally felt nowadays that its true work belongs to the later college years and the graduate period. Many of the universities have already drawn a clear line of distinction between students at the middle point of the college course, for both studies and administration. While the need or utility of some such distinction is obvious, educators are naturally inclined to be conservative, and it may take a considerable period of time to bring about and stabilize the requisite academic readjustments. The lesson for us, however, is plain. The reasons for such a differentiation are sound; and, so far as it is possible, our universities should adopt, if they have not already adopted, the practical measures which will enable them to share fully in the advantages offered by the changing conditions. Their chief efforts in the way of academic development ought to be directed upward. While laboring to do everything that can be done for students in the lower college years, by giving them the best teaching possible, together with the best disciplinary and administrative care, they cannot afford to lose sight of the unquestionable fact that the future of the university in America is bound up with the development of the graduate method and spirit. Whatever may be the final outcome of the present tendency toward a combination of the upper college years with the graduate period, it is but reasonable to expect that, with the constant growth of human knowledge, the graduate interests of the university must come to dominate more and more in all its aims and policies as well as in all its life and work.

There is another conclusion, it seems to me, which we may profitably draw from these educational tendencies. If our universities are to be as productive as they should be of the highest scholarship, we must provide the means for bringing more laymen into their faculties. The kind of talent which makes the true university teacher is comparatively rare. It is no respector of place, or station, or vocation. It cannot be created through any system of training, however elaborate, and it is not always an accompaniment of university degrees. It is as likely to be found among the laity as among the clergy. Hence, to exclude laymen from a university faculty, or to keep their number down to an inconsiderable fraction of the whole, would be to condemn the institution, in advance, to a position of relative academic inferiority. And there are other reasons. Questions are always being raised about particular aspects of Catholicism, and it is highly important that there should be Catholic laymen as well as priests to discuss such questions with the authority attaching to a scholarly reputation. This need will doubtless become more sensibly felt with the continued growth of the Church. Catholic lay professors will naturally form the nucleus of the entire body of the educated Catholic laity. Their position in the universities will make them the leaders, while their close association with the clergy in the work of higher education will enable them, in taking part in public discussions, to speak with an assurance of being fully in accord with the mind of the Church.

The crux of the entire matter appears to be the question of salaries. Lay professors in our universities must have salaries which are commensurate with those that are paid in other universities. With few exceptions, if any, our universities cannot afford this at present. They lack the necessary endowments. Now, our campaigns of recent years, as I have pointed out, have shown that the Catholic public and especially Catholic men of wealth can be induced to contribute to the establishment of endowment funds. The number of wealthy Catholics is increasing rapidly. There are many Catholic millionaires. It is my belief—a belief which is shared by others who have had personal experience in the matter—that if we can only get these men to see our needs clearly, as clearly as we see these needs ourselves, they can be led to do for our universities what so many other rich men have been doing for non-Catholic universities.

A study of the methods employed at some of the wealthy eastern schools in securing gifts for endowment, not so much through regular organized campaigns as through personal influence with particular men of large means, would certainly afford extremely helpful information in this connection. Rich Catholics may be, as is so often asserted, indifferent to the needs of our higher schools; but must it not be admitted that there has been generally lacking, on our own part, the organization or the organized effort suited to the task of overcoming their indifference? The establishment of a permanent endowment office, or something like it, with a competent person in charge, would probably be the best preliminary remedy for this condition. Several of our universities already have, in fact, established such an office.

There is evidently needed a careful study of the problem in all its phases, as it presents itself to each institution; some effective plan and organization; and, above all, enlightened, earnest, and persevering effort along the lines followed by those who have been most successful in securing money for educational purposes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIA LOURDES TO LOCARNO

By BERNHARD RAGNER

MY EASTER furlough in 1919 was spent in Lourdes, that picturesque Pyrenees town, where in 1858, as the Catholic Church teaches, the Virgin Mary appeared to the peasant girl Bernadette Soubirous and announced: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

My first view of Lourdes was from the night express which speeds from Bordeaux to Tarbes. It was midnight. "In half an hour," said my traveling companion, a delightful French curé, "we shall see the twentieth-century Capital of Faith, the dominant centre of Catholic mysticism, which annually welcomes more pilgrims than the Eternal City itself." The train rushed on in the night. Suddenly there burst upon us a spectacle that would strike any imagination and thrill any soul. We had arrived at Lourdes. There was the spectral basilica, standing like a gigantic pillar of snow reflected against the sombre mountainside. A thousand candles flamed before the grotto. The white marble statue of the Virgin was faintly visible. On the summit of the Pic du Jer stood a colossal cross, illuminated by hundreds of electric bulbs, burning like a beacon in the starry night.

I was in Lourdes, not as a pilgrim, but as a tourist. My object was to explore the mountain majesties of the Pyrenees (the superb Crique de Gavarnie, for example) and I was merely using Lourdes as a base of operations. But nobody can spend Easter in Lourdes; nobody can behold the solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament or the exuberant torchlight parade at night; nobody can see the pilgrims of passionate faith kneeling devoutly, by the thousandfold, before the grotto, without exclaiming as Jacob did: "Surely the Lord is in this place. . . . This is none other but the House of God, and this is the gate of heaven." And, to remove all chance of misunderstanding, permit me to remark that the present writer is not a Catholic.

Naturally, at Eastertide in 1919, the great majority of pilgrims were French. I encountered a few Belgians and Spaniards, also a sprinkling of Italians. Khaki-clad soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces knelt by the side of their comrades in horizon-blue. Red Cross nurses, British and American, joined their prayers with those of humble French peasants. It was a magnificent spectacle and my newspaper instinct told me it was a good story. "But, it would be a better story," I mused, "if several German Catholics were also kneeling before that altar. How long will it be before this story breaks? How many years must elapse before the wounds of war heal so that German Catholics, as of yore, may come to Lourdes?"

As the years passed, my interest in Lourdes increased, but my story of Franco-German prayers ascending to heaven from Lourdes refused to break, until August, 1926. Lourdes became my hobby; I visited it every year; I read everything concerning it, from Zola's novel to the official guide-books. I studied its miraculous cures, and my sincere conviction is summed up in two, almost official quotations. One, by Georges Bertrin, Catholic historian of Lourdes, concedes: "There are inevitably doubtful or mistaken cases attributable, as a rule, to the excited fancy of the afflicted one, and which time soon dispels." The second, infinitely more important, is the matured judgment of an internationally famous scientist, whose religious credo is unknown to me, Dr. Alexis Carrel, who states: "No scientific hypothesis up to the present time accounts satisfactorily for the phenomena at Lourdes." But, I was waiting for another miracle, of another type, international in its scope, which could be headlined: German Pilgrims Flock to Lourdes.

There were almost insuperable obstacles to such a miracle. True, these obstacles were chiefly psychological, a fact which rendered them all the more difficult to remove. Let no one sneer at the cures of nervous cases reported at Lourdes! To cure Dean Swift of his gloomy cynicism or William Cowper of his fear of hell is just as great a miracle, to my mind, as eliminating lameness from a leg. Matter effectively fights matter; dynamite can speedily level mountains or dig canals, but what spiritual explosive can destroy mountains of war-time hatred, vanquish officially inspired half-truths and prejudices, and create a healthy atmosphere of conciliation which leads to genuine peace? This had to be accomplished before the Germans could come to Lourdes.

Certainly, the intense patriotism of Catholics on both sides of the Rhine, plus the sincere conviction af German and Frenchman alike that his own country was free of war guilt, complicated the problem.

Let us enumerate some of the stumbling-blocks. Lourdes, although a Catholic shrine and therefore international, is on French soil; it is in the care of a French bishop, who is also an ardent patriot; Bernadette was a French peasant girl; some of the official literature is tinged, even harmed, by French nationalism which would be better omitted. Indeed, the official prayer recited nightly before the grotto contains a petition for France, but omits all reference to other countries. Further, a magnificent monument has just been erected not far from the basilica, ascribing the Allied victory to the miraculous intervention of Our Lady of Lourdes. In most of this, there is nothing objectionable; it is thoroughly human and understandable, but it assuredly does not facilitate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German pilgrimages to Lourdes. If all French Catholics resembled Marc Sangnier and Bishop Julien, the Germans could have come to Lourdes a month after the Armistice, but there are the Léon Daudets and General de Castelnaus, equally sincere, equally Catholic, and much more numerous, who consider the Sangnier doctrines of Franco-German rapprochement as so much moonshine. Defend it or regret it as we may, the fact remains that French Catholicism is largely nationalistic.

But, Our Lady of Lourdes can vanquish even nationalistic passions, and my question of April, 1919, had its response in August, 1926. The big story of which I dreamed became a reality, seven years later, when an official pilgrimage from Cologne arrived by special train. Ah, yes! The Germans finally came back to Lourdes! Heads erect, they paraded past the Allied monument singing—German hymns! Hearts contrite, they knelt before the grotto and prayed—in the German tongue! War-time hatreds were forgotten as German and Frenchman mingled their prayers in the shadow of the basilica. My miracle was accomplished!

Unfortunately for me, I was absent when it took place. Fate decreed that I should miss it by twenty-four hours. Consequently, I am writing my story from second-hand, although thoroughly reliable, information. It comes from the German pilgrims themselves, and from Frenchmen who witnessed their sojourn in Lourdes. In fact, my contact with these pilgrims was quite accidental. One joyous morning in late August, I was waiting at the little station of Miélan, in the Gers department, for the express which would take me to Tarbes, birthplace of Marshal Foch. Suddenly an unexpected train rounded the curve. Nothing was French about it except the locomotive. On the coaches were the insignia of the German state railroads. "Nach Köln" said a sign upon the first. Inevitably, a German train at Miélan is a curiosity that occurs about once in a decade. Consequently, there was a craning of necks and a fluttering of tongues as, unbidden, the six questions which form the tools of the journalist's trade, were asked by a hundred persons: who? what? when? where? why? how? "German pilgrims," said a voice behind me; "going to Cologne," interposed another; "from Lourdes," explained a third, and so on, until all the facts were available.

As the locomotive took on water, I conversed briefly with the pilgrims and ascertained that they had been charmed and edified by their pilgrimage to Lourdes. Their stay in France had been very pleasant. Not the slightest untoward incident had occurred. Not one objectionable phrase had been uttered in their presence. Although Lourdes sends a Conservative deputy, of extreme nationalistic tendencies, to the Chambre every election, the German pilgrims had been treated with perfect courtesy while sojourning in this Pyrenean city. Naturally, they expected this of the clergy, but a few had feared some ill-timed word, some offensive adjective of war-time birth, might be spoken by members of the civilian population. "On the contrary, we were treated as brothers, with Christian cordiality, by clergy and laymen alike," volunteered a German ex-officer.

Then, I rejoined my wife who was waiting for me on the platform. Although she is French, we have the custom of speaking English in public, and as I summarized my conversation with the pilgrims, several Frenchmen overheard us. One of them thought I was speaking German and with hand outstretched, he came toward me and asked me in French, "How did you find Lourdes?" I thought he was some distant relative of my wife, and since I had been in Lourdes only three weeks before, I answered cordially, "I think Lourdes is a picturesque, most interesting city, while the transcendent faith of pilgrims evokes my heartiest admiration." For a minute or two, we discussed the château, the basilica, the Pic du Jer, the Gave, and then he astounded me by remarking, "And now you are returning to Cologne." I gazed at him in amazement. Returning to Cologne? At this moment, the engineer of the pilgrimage train sounded his whistle. "Hurry! hurry!" exclaimed my new-found French acquaintance, "or you'll be left behind." Be left behind? Then, it dawned upon me. He thought I was a German pilgrim. He had mistaken my Americanized English for German. And thinking I was a German, he had offered me his hand spontaneously; he had manifested friendliness toward a man he considered an ex-enemy. Ah, this was in sharp contrast with that day in May, 1919, in Versailles, when Colonel Henry refused to shake the hand of one of the German peace delegates.

Personally, I should like to consider this French ex-officer, in Miélan, who was wounded near Verdun and later served with the Army of Occupation in Düsseldorf, as a symbol of French Catholicism in its attitude toward Germany. Certainly, as far as Miélan is concerned, which is a typical French village, his attitude of friendly curiosity was typical. Not a single unfriendly adjective did I overhear, as the pilgrimage train remained before the station. Bitter epithets of war-time days had been laid away, it seemed, and the hiding place forgotten. Only the difference in language prevented the French villagers from going frankly to ask the German pilgrims their opinion of Lourdes. "After all," said an aged, bent woman, who had lost one son during the war, "they are Catholics just as much as we are. Why shouldn't they come to Lourdes and pray to the Virgin as we do?" This was quite a change from the bitterness of war days when certain French nationalists charged, stupidly and mistakenly, that the international pilgrimage to Lourdes was just a device for introducing German spies into France.

Happily, the hatreds and falsehoods of 1914-1918 are vanishing, slowly but surely. A saner, more human

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attitude is being adopted on both sides. This pilgrimage and the comments it evoked in my presence, from German and French lips, are symptomatic. Assuredly, it is no exaggeration to say that it required real tolerance and genuine Christianity, the yielding of nationalism to the religion of Jesus, east and west of the frontier, for this pilgrimage to become a reality.

Although the Bureau of Medical Constatations at Lourdes is very reluctant to proclaim miracles, many miraculous cures are examined and verified every year. But, if Our Lady of Lourdes can attract both French and German pilgrims to her shrine, if she can cause them to kneel in true humility of spirit before the famous grotto, if she can thereby help create an atmosphere of conciliation, mutual comprehension, and peace which will weld France and Germany (as geography and geology intended they should be welded) together for human service by coöperation, she will have performed a greater miracle, in my humble opinion, than any of those already credited to her.

And certainly, no sincere lover of peace, whether he draw his religious inspiration from Canterbury, Wittenberg, Epworth, or Rome, will object if the long trail to Locarno should happen to pass by Lourdes!

LEADERSHIP AND GIRLHOOD

By GENEVIEVE GARVAN BRADY

ON EVERY side, from all fields of modern activity, civic and social life, comes the call for leaders, until the reiterated statement of the world's great need grows almost threadbare. In his essay on Napoleon, Emerson says that the power of the great military leader did not consist in any wild or extravagant force, in any Mohammed-like enthusiasm, or in a singular power of persuasion, but in the exercise of common sense in each emergency. "The lesson he teaches," says the sage of Concord, "is that which vigor always teaches—that there is always room for it." In our own less colorful, less pageant-like circumstances, this leadership of the common-sense, practical kind is our real need.

There is one place in which this particular type of guidance may well be applied. That is among our young people. Our modern girls are vital creatures, brimming over with energy, emotions, and ideals which they spend with lavish eagerness. When these marvelous forces are left unguided, they easily may be frittered away on pastimes that contribute little or nothing of value to their lives. Commercial interests of many kinds are willing to make use of these forces for their own advancement. Consider the many artificial outlets constantly suggested to the young girl's mind by sensational moving pictures and plays, by the unwholesome literature flooding the news-stands, by the enormous advertising of cosmetics, by beauty contests. These and other exploitations create artificial standards—an unsound outlook that throws life out of focus. Leadership is well used when it helps to replace these influences with constructive forces.

The Girl Scouts have a program which I heartily believe in as a means to this end. It appeals strongly to the legitimate love of adventure and the necessary need for play which exists in the hearts of all children. It is generally recognized that Sir Robert Baden-Powell showed real creative genius in devising the methods of scouting, but he would be the first to admit that they are only methods, always to be used with elasticity and imagination, and never to be imposed as mechanical and final. His principles, originated for boys, have been adapted to the needs of girls by Mrs. Juliette Low, who organized the first Girl Scout troop in the United States in 1912. It has been my privilege to be associated with the Girl Scout movement for nearly ten years, and in observing its wide appeal to girls of all classes, its admirable results, it would be impossible not to become increasingly convinced of its worth.

There are today 130,000 Girl Scouts in the United States, and 500,000 in more than forty countries throughout the world. Certainly, a movement which can attract girls in such numbers cannot be ignored. Whether it is considered in the light of its attention to outdoor life, its wholesome training in the womanly occupations of homemaking and citizenship, or in its moral significance as a motivating force for high standards of thought and conduct, its merits cannot fail to be apparent.

Seven years ago, His Eminence Cardinal Hayes gave the movement his sanction and his strong support as a recreational program for Catholic girls in the New York archdiocese. His belief in the Girl Scouts is reiterated in a recent letter in which he says:

"The Girl Scout movement has evidently come to stay, for it is meeting a real need. Any agency that will help the girlhood of America to develop mind and body as God intended, deserves commendation and support, provided the religious faith of the girl is not undermined by false notions of life, duty, and happiness. The Girl Scout organization respects the religious belief of each of its members, because the safety and the sanctity of young womanhood—which means ultimately the home—are zealously guarded by religion. I am much gratified to learn of the progress of the Girl Scouts among our Catholic girls."

His Eminence Cardinal Bourne of England, in a preface to a book on scouting, states:

"Catholics, after some hesitation on the part of a certain number, have come to see there is nothing in scout law or practice contrary to their faith or religious sentiment. They have realized that all this useful training may be easily based on Catholic tradition and on a supernatural foundation. Scouting is not only not contrary to Catholic aims and ideals, but rightly understood and interpreted by Catholics, is fully in accordance with them."

The keystone of the entire scout program is its leadership. Knowing that advance cannot be sound except with the best available leaders, the sponsors of the Girl Scouts have resolutely refused to expend where there is a scarcity of captains, and the lack of them is their most serious handicap. There is in this captainship of girls a splendid opportunity for those who have a little leisure to render fine service, to make a constructive contribution to the life and development of the community. There are thousands of girls who wish to be scouts, but who must, unfortunately, be asked to wait until adequate leaders can be found. The program of wholesome, challenging, absorbing activities induces the happiest relationship between leader and scout. Of the physical benefit of outdoor life, contact with knowledge of nature, the captain, as well as her scouts, gets full measure.

Our Catholic colleges have been most helpful in aiding us to find leaders for Catholic scouts. For the past three years,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a Girl Scout training course has been a part of the curriculum in each of twenty Catholic colleges in various parts of the country. The growing interest of the national women's organizations—the National Council of Catholic Women, the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, the Catholic Daughters of America—is another valuable aid. Within their numbers are many potential leaders of the type the movement is most anxious to enlist.

The community, in turn, has much to gain by the knowledge the scouts acquire concerning health, responsibility, reverence, training in citizenship, and homemaking. Yet, the function of the troop as a miniature community, a pattern of the adult world, is one of its finest aspects. It is a workshop, a laboratory, wherein girls play at tasks that will be theirs as women. They learn to think of their activities in terms of the group as well as of individuals. Above their own wishes, they learn to place the welfare of the patrol—the troop. How necessary it is to enlarge this viewpoint, to put the welfare of the community, of humanity, before the unfolding mind as the end that must dominate the purposes of the individual! Any junior program, be it that of the Girl Scouts or anything else, has fulfilled a great use if it helps develop a sense of obligation toward others, an abiding conviction that service is due, each to each. This we feel the scout movement does achieve, and that this awakened and developed "social consciousness" is afterward of noblest use to humanity.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE CONFERENCE AT CLEVELAND

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Under the auspices of the National Council of Catholic Men, the National Council of Catholic Women, and the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, a conference was held at Cleveland on October 19, for the discussion of international relations. Some of the subjects discussed were: Christian principles of war and peace; the influence of the war debts and foreign investments and trade upon war and peace; the formation of a permanent committee of Catholic Americans on international relations, etc.

The associations who were responsible for this gathering are to be congratulated; their effort was most timely for, with the recrudescence of illiberal liberalism in several countries on this continent where the majority of the inhabitants belong to the Catholic faith, and with the undoubted participation therein of the influence of the Third Internationale, it becomes urgently necessary for American Catholics to understand what is happening and to do what it is proper for them to do and what it is their duty to do in the circumstances. The first and essential preliminary is to think it through on the basis of knowledge—which very few of us possess. It is natural that we should not, in general, possess adequate knowledge of the subject, for history and the study of international relations have heretofore been specialties; since the world war, it has become increasingly evident that the right solution of international problems calls loudly for understanding of those problems in some adequate measure by those upon whom the burden falls of prosecuting war or carrying war debts.

It is also increasingly evident that in the United States people do expect of Catholics sane thought upon these matters, based upon the practical application of Christian principles.

If we do not measure up to these expectations, if, instead of clear and logical thought, we offer ill-considered mass opinion, people who expect better things of us are bitterly disappointed, and have a right to be. If we have what we claim to have, we have also very definite responsibilities toward our neighbors and fellow-citizens. Disappointment grows easily into resentment and hostility toward claims unsupported by compelling evidence. There is no more compelling evidence than the logic of thought resting on Christian principles applied to public life.

The editors of The Commonweal have announced recently a discussion of Catholic education. At every turn in the United States, we are confronted by the distinction between Catholic education and the schooling of Catholic youth for material ends in moral surroundings. The Cleveland conference was most distinctly a step in the direction of Catholic education: of the understanding of Christian principles; their application to every-day problems, private and public; and through that understanding and application, the formation of character and of a sane, logical opinion and influence in the body politic.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

EVILS OF COLLEGE FRATERNITIES

Colorado Springs, Colo.

TO the Editor:—In a back number of your excellent magazine, I noticed a magnificent condemnation of the evils of college fraternities by Mr. Ernest Sutherland Bates. Mr. Bates is a wonderful scholar as well as a wonderful writer, and the publication of such an article shows, not only the noble crusading spirit of the author, but also the fair-mindedness of the editors. I have no adverse criticism to make, but I wish to add a supplement to his fine article.

Although the fraternities have received much severe and deserved censure, the contemptible practices of individual fraternity members have not received the condemnation that they deserve. This is especially true in their unfair and brutal attitude toward any student who has the manhood and courage to attack some of the evils of college fraternities.

Take specific individuals. Last year at a western college, a wonderful young man wrote a scathing indictment of fraternity evils, and there were some fraternity members evil-minded enough to take exception to it. The most dishonest and unfair of these was a nonentity who, if he had a particle of honesty, would have to admit that the exposure of fraternity evils showed courage and a fine spirit of independence in thought.

HUMPHREY WEBB.

THE BATTLE OF GOTHAM

Denton, Texas.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal of October 13 has an item headed The Battle of Gotham, which should be made a national battle. Let all parties be heard pro and con, concerning the candidacy for the Presidency of Alfred E. Smith. Common sense and not party spirit should guide in this contest. Is Governor Smith competent to be a good efficient President? If so, all else should be sidetracked. Has he not made a good governor since the great state reëlected him for his fifth term? Did he threaten to guide the state of New York to the Pope? He is considered one of our noblemen. It seems that this enlightened twentieth century should feel humiliated in allowing itself to be guided by religious prejudice. May reason and common sense soon replace it.

REV. RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SONNETS

Hope Is an Orchard

Hope is an orchard God has filled with morn,
There saints like birds plash through a blosmy spring
To build them nests, bearing on eager wing
Soft buds and leaves, gold straws, and even thorn
Their secret shadowy cloisters to adorn,
Cloisters in clefts of trees, cloisters that swing
Close to the sun, nests, nests where saints may cling
And where white songs and visions may be born.

Now from my window all the varying year
I see beyond blue hills that shining grove
Where saints like birds gather from far and near,
Trilling the varied plain-song of God's love,
And through the silences afar and clear
From that sweet orchard I can hear the Dove.

SPEER STRAHAN.

Autobiographical Comment

They saw each other once; he wrote to say
He sent his latest book. Her answer shone
With vivid words peculiarly her own.
Only the postscript flattened into grey,
Hackneyed address: "I beg you to recall
Me to your wife." Their correspondence grew
From month to month as eucalypti do,
For these have rapid roots and strong withal.

The best she had was his: her flashing wit,
Her sedulous philosophy, her faith.
Dawn after dawn a thin and bloodless wraith
Paused at her mirror, looking out of it
With burning eyes. One thing she never told—
Writing to him, watching herself grow old.

MARGARET TOD RITTER.

Trees and Men

A tree bole's anchored from its birth; it is
The course through which the darknesses beneath
Drawn upward, in strange metamorphosis
Become those shapes of light the springs bequeath
To lovers asking emblems of their love.
And lovers are but trees that walk; they are
Channels that likewise change the essence of
Dark earth into some fair ephemeral star.

It runs in the like roots of men and trees,
From the same source, the darkness that can alter,
Released, transformed by ancient agencies,
Into these fragrances that flame and falter.
Oh, poignant pageant; what the dark engendered
Goes to the dark; so soon again surrendered.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

Dream Timber

He built his house of dreams, adventurer,
He put the road by and the swinging moon,
Gave up the world, a blasé traveler,
Glad of a hearth and a long honeymoon.
And though the sun was bright above his shoulder
And all the fields were calling him to Arden,
He turned to patch and woodpile and grew older,
Content to spend his days in one small garden.

Yet there were times when Rome imperially
Called him, or Carcassonne, or a small town,
A legendary city, or the sea,
And she would find him pacing up and down
An area too small for restless shoes,
Winged with the wind, Apollo might have used.

HAROLD VINAL.

Requiem

I talked with him . . . and now he is no more.
I walked with him along sand-bordered seas,
And now he walks along a shoreless shore
With One he knew when he was one of these—
These little ones such as you stoop to touch,
Bending to hear the wisdom of their ways:
The fields of Paradise are spread for such;
Called children, but in age, ancient of days.

We two were in a gay and crowded place,
Who would have said that he of all the throng
Would be the first to wonder at that Face
To whom the liberated hosts belong?
And who shall say who shall be summoned next
Into activity, on death's pretext?

ISABEL FISKE CONANT.

Futility

To leave a wide-eyed night for a new day
Of sluggard lids, drooping in drowsiness,
To feel the ponderous load of living press
From all sides inward in its dumb decay;
When thoughts come homing, black, like birds of prey
Heavy with carrion, when the aching stress
Of slightest question between "No" and "Yes"
Binds on its wrenching burden of dismay!

Thou poor frustrated flesh and stagnant soul,
Thou hast not life enough to offer death!
And yet, poor piteous comet turned to clod,
Take comfort: thou dost drift as near a goal
As prouder men who draw a freer breath:
All men are but the broken toys of God!

PENFIELD ROYCE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Humble

NOW that Mr. Kenneth Macgowan has taken over the management of the Actors' Theatre, and the Macgowan-Jones-O'Neil triumvirate has passed into dramatic history, the Greenwich Village Theatre has become the arena of a new enterprise. This theatre, which was the birthplace of such mixed fare as Desire Under the Elms, Outside Lookin' In, The Great God Brown and a long list of experimental productions, has now been leased by Carl Reed. With little ostentation, but evidently sincere purpose, he has set out to give a dignified season of serious entertainment, beginning with Laurence Irving's dramatization of Dostoievsky's Crime and Punishment, under the title of The Humble, and promising, among other productions, John Masefield's version of Anne Pedersdotter, and a comic opera based on Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, to be called Venetian Love. The time may come when New York will feel it owes much to Mr. Reed's quiet initiative.

The Humble makes an interesting start for this new season. The dramatic author was a younger son of Sir Henry Irving and died in 1914. The present play is more than fifteen years old and bears many marks of a type of play that has lost its popularity among the radicals of the modern theatre. But for all that, it retains the stamp of authentic drama. It is, in its way, a sort of prelude to the theme of Dreiser's American Tragedy, in so far, that is, as it portrays the struggle of a sensitive and morbid mind at grips with murder. But in all other respects, it has a far deeper insight into spiritual values, a much keener perception of the power of the soul to mold actions and bring either destruction or redemption. We do not find here the shallow determinism of Dreiser, the blatant evasion of personal responsibility, nor the attempt to create an utterly false sympathy for criminal instinct.

Rodion Raskolnikoff, a lonely student, embittered by the smug platitudes of science and officialdom, has built up a theory of justifiable murder. When brought face to face with the cruelty of a tenement landlord who has used the poverty of Sonia Martinova to try to make her yield to him, Rodion puts his theory into action and kills the landlord. In doing so, he violates all his inner instincts which, quite naturally, cannot accord with his theorizing. He is subjected to a crucial third degree, but escapes by allowing suspicion to be thrown on a poor workman. It is then that Sonia, knowing what he has done, persuades him through her simple and childlike faith, to accept the burden of his guilt and give himself up. Even then, his theoretical atheism does not permit him to follow her. He bows to her rather than to the God in Whom she trusts.

But here we have, at least, an illustration of the human channels through which spiritual action often passes. The intellectually proud student bows and surrenders to the faith that is like that of a child. A vastly different picture from the turgid emotionalism of Dreiser!

There are many obvious defects in Irving's dramatic version of this story—unnecessary events, such as the Russian students' picnic—passages where talk supplants action. But the essentials of true drama still hold the piece together and give it vitality and strength. The main interest, however, lies in the acting of the three leading parts, Sonia as played by Mary Ellis, Rodion by Basil Sydney, and Bezak, the inquisitor, by Sydney Greenstreet. All three are definite and interesting characterizations, and one of them, Sonia, is supremely fine.

Miss Ellis has made a remarkable impression on the American stage since she abandoned musical comedy for more serious rôles. Her performance of Leah in The Dybbuk last year was one of the season's notable achievements. But I am inclined to think that as Sonia she has met and mastered a much more difficult task. This little girl with the faith of a child has no great emotional scenes. Much of what she must convey is unspoken. She has at once tenderness and the firmness of a rock. An unskilful actress might make her appear nothing more than a moron. Miss Ellis gives her a touch of the divine fire, inarticulate but radiant.

Mr. Sydney's work as the student has some very fine and some very poor points. He conveys the brooding intensity of this morbid man excellently and with far greater naturalness than in much of his recent work. But he frequently gives the feeling of overacting. This, I think, is largely due to his facial expression. He has naturally eloquent eyes. Alone they would convey everything necessary. But lacking an essential restraint in the use of his mouth, the whole impression becomes at times that of grimacing. An occasionally labored diction only adds to this total effect. But his work does bear the mark of keen intelligence—and that is much in these good days.

It is good to see Mr. Greenstreet again in legitimate parts. He has contributed so long to the gaiety of the musical stage that one might have soon forgotten his earlier acting traditions. As Bezak, he is, next to Miss Ellis, the most interesting character in the play. Another well-acted part is that of the young doctor busybody as played by Junius Matthews. On the whole, the production is most creditable to Mr. Reed's present fine purpose. It is marred only by a grotesquely old-fashioned and unconvincing setting of an island in the Neva in the second act. For that, presumably, Mr. Livingston Platt, the designer, is to blame.

God Loves Us

THIS ironic title heads the first play of the Actors' Theatre season under the new management. I am inclined to think that this title, and the use made of it at the closing of the last act, combine to give a false key to an otherwise penetrating study of American life in the grip of the business institutions of a big city. For Mr. J. P. McEvoy, the author, has continued here the vein of The Potters, and set before us the amazing and tragic hurly-burly of modern life as lived by the ambitious and self-frustrated people who make up the millions of our urban population. He has told his story tenderly and well and then, by his title, practically asked us if, in such a world, we can truthfully say, "God loves us."

The superficial and bitter answer would, of course, be "No." And here you find yourself right at the crux of the trouble with so much modern thinking and writing. The fact that suffering, incompetency, and the futility of so much human effort, can be no less than a part of the great adven-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture toward eternity is ignored. It is as if one of the knights of old, sent out by his beloved lady on a dangerous quest to prove his love for her, were to face his dragon and then exclaim, "If she wants me to do this, she cannot love me!" I use this illustration because it is so common a human experience. When we want to prove love, we invariably put it to a test. Then why assume that because a Divinity has placed us in this life as a test, life itself should be a bed of roses and fulfilled desires? That would be absurdly contrary to our own human experience and actions. Furthermore, it would be no test at all. So, if Mr. McEvoy or anyone else decides to bring the action of God into a play—whether in dialogue or only in a title that serves as comment on the play—it cannot ring true to our inner knowledge to imply that because life is a test, and a thoroughly hard and discouraging one, the love of God is a superstition.

Now I am quite ready to believe that Mr. McEvoy had no such radical intention in his conscious mind when selecting the present ironic title for his play. It probably appealed to him for its dramatic irony only. But plays, like deeds, have to be judged in their practical relation to life and in their effect upon thousands of human minds—and not solely by their vague intentions. To think that the gun is not loaded does not bring the dead back to life. And so, I submit that an otherwise excellent play has been given a pernicious twist by a three-word title and about ten words of dialogue using that title.

In a play that has in it so much searching human sympathy, so keen an understanding of the futilities in many people's circumscribed lives, and so piercing a satire of the rotarianism used by employers to soften their "strictly business" decisions, it is more grateful to be able to speak enthusiastically of the stage-setting and direction which make God Loves Us a real event in the American theatre. Both elements have grown out of the play itself, and so are a genuine part of it. Woodman Thompson has made a modified use of the "constructivist" type of setting introduced here last season by the Moscow players in Carmencita and the Soldier. In this case, we have a skyscraper construction, which hangs like the menace of a mechanical civilization over the whole action. There are stages on two levels, where the action alternately takes place. But instead of obstructing the feeling of drama—as where fantastic settings are imposed on a simple play—this only heightens the dramatic action. And in Guthrie McClintic's direction, we see the evidences of real genius. It is one of the most smoothly acted performances I have ever seen, with the hand of the director felt always, but never seen.

Of the individual performances, that of J. C. Nugent stands out poignantly—a perfect bit of character expression. Next, perhaps, is that of a newcomer, Douglas Montgomery. But Mr. McClintic has made fine actors of them all.

Happy Go Lucky

ONE swallow may not make a summer, but one act will often serve to make a play. Not so often, it will make a musical comedy. That is largely true of Happy Go Lucky—one of those eye and ear entertainments whose opening chorus causes one to shudder and exclaim, "Is there no end to this sort of thing?" In the total impression it leaves, Happy Go Lucky is far from distinguished; it is cut from the most ordinary of goods, with music that is fair to middling, dancing that, with few exceptions, is uninspired, and comedy that, with one exception, would never give support to the theory that we are a humorous people. But it is that one exception which may give Happy Go Lucky its lease on life. The third act blooms suddenly and surprisingly into the liveliest and most comical burlesque of the "two-a-day" which might be hoped for in a brace of seasons. The number is given by Ralph Whitehead and Madeline Cameron, and stranger things would happen than the transplanting of their act to the very vaudeville it so unmercifully guys. Wire walkers, monologists, actors of capsule drama, gems from the opera and Russian dancers are all subjected to hilarious treatment. For the rest, Happy Go Lucky is no worse and no better than the average musical show that comes to town. If you like Lina Abarbanell, and there are those who find her fetching, you will be glad to know she is included in the cast.

T. C.

KLAW THEATRE, West 45th Street
EVENINGS AT 8:30, MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY

JOHN L. SHINE
Will present his all Irish Players in T. C. Murray's Sensational Play

AUTUMN FIRE

With a Stellar Cast, Including
JOHN L. SHINE
UNA O'CONNER
JULIE HARTLEY-MILBURN

The wonderful play that was awarded the Silver Medal in competition at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin—Direct from a year's Record Breaking run in London.

AN AUTHENTIC, GRIPPING, ENTERTAINING PLAY OF IRISH LIFE!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

The World of William Clissold, by H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company. Two volumes, $5.00.

THE essential Mr. H. G. Wells is undoubtedly a man utterly intoxicated by novel ideas. He has viewed the superficial changes that have occurred in his world during his lifetime with the sensitivity, excitement, credulity, and voluble enthusiasm of the serious amateur. As an amateur scientist, historian, economist and sociologist, he has created out of these changes observed on the surfaces of things, an ecstatic vision, an inspirational system of belief in a humanity gloriously fighting its way toward ever greater and happier ends.

Within the last thirty-five years he has produced some fifty-four volumes, of which at least three-fourths may now be thrown away as either hopelessly redundant or hopelessly misdirected and ineffective. Beginning with strange and fascinating tales, nightmare-fantasies of worlds destroyed or transfigured through directed or spontaneous aberrations of natural laws, he soon worked his way on to the production of excellent, if somewhat amorphous, novels such as Mr. Polly, Tono-Bungay, and The New Machiavelli, in which his talents as a story-teller rose triumphant over the confusing fogs and vapors of his Fabian sociology. With the war came his sudden discovery of a God, conceived as a coming-to-consciousness of the "mind of the race." This draught of potent old ideas induced in him a fantasy of himself as another Baptist, crying in the wilderness, trying desperately to bring clarity and lucidity into his world.

Lately, after an interlude of preoccupation with problems of education, punctuated by his famous "model textbook," the Outline of History, he has returned to his earlier methods of harangue. His intoxication now suggests an unmistakably drunken philosopher, assuring his audiences over and over again that he is cold-sober—assuring them and assuring them ad nauseam.

This impression remains after a conscientious reading of the 230,000 words in the present novel, called "a novel at a new angle"; though what that means is not quite apparent, unless it has reference to the fact that here the "story" or "plot" is practically non-existent. It can be sketched in a few words: William Clissold's father commits suicide after his conviction as an embezzler. William and his brother, fast friends, receive haphazard educations, marry, and become successful men of business. William is disillusioned in his own marriage, and passes on to other, more unconventional and slightly more successful contacts with women. He sketches out a scheme for the gradual salvation of humankind, and is killed in an automobile accident. So tenuous is this narrative thread that one lights on wisps of it with the same eagerness with which one welcomes a banal fragment of a waltz tune in one of the more needlessly complex and abstruse tone-poems of Richard Strauss.

The core of the book lies, of course, in the spread-out, enveloping exposition of Clissold's great scheme. Is it Wells's scheme also? The reader is needlessly confused by the "note before the title page" which rather testily warns him against confusing the author's mind with that of his protagonist. Somehow this tends to rob Clissold's "world" of a great deal of its possible authority and validity. Its other point, a corollary, is rather well put, however: "Is it not quite as much 'life' to meet and deal with a new idea as to meet and deal with a new lover? Must the characters in our English and American novels be forevermore as cleaned of thought as a rabbit is of its bowels, before they can be served up for consumption?" We may as well criticize this mental world, then, as a possibly significant attempt to come to grips with the universe, and abandon the inquiry as to how far Mr. Wells really wishes to be held responsible for it.

To begin with, the visible, audible, tangible realm of sensations, of "common sense," is accepted for what it seems to be. Any realm which may exist outside it is dismissed as "metaphysical," "mystical," altogether unworthy of the attention of a modern positivist. The feeling that something of the sort does exist is abandoned at the outset as "the shadow of the ghost of a doubt."

But this visible universe of common sense is continually shifting; nothing is constant except change; "panta rei." Mankind is gradually growing up; the individual life-span lengthens even as each generation arrives at maturity and self-consciousness at an earlier age than its predecessor. Marriage and other customs, government and other institutions, become obsolete; their husks must be cast off, and fresh clean raiment must be provided for the coming race. Independent, rival nations will find themselves superseded by a world-wide business and scientific organization.

"When the old order tootles its trumpets and waves its flags, obtrudes its tawdry loyalties, exaggerates the splendors of its past and fights to sustain the ancient hallucinations, the new must counter with its tale of great bridges and canals and embankments, of mighty ships and beautiful machines, of the subtle victories of the laboratory and the deepening wonders of science. It must tell of lives lit up and life invigorated, of new releases and new freedoms and happiness ensured. The new world we establish is visibly greater and nobler than the old; it liberates the last of the slaves, rejects servility, calls on every man for help and service. It gives finer stuff for poetry and—better news for the press."

This "creative revolution" is to be brought about by an open conspiracy of all our Clissolds and Clissoldites, working toward a liberal world press, replacing militant ideals with police ideals, and setting our youths free from our absurdly mediaeval educational systems. And while the world republic releases man from traditions, economic usages, social injustices, mental habits, needless subserviences and puerile interpretations, that dwarf, confuse and cripple his life upon this planet, the individual, as he attains an earlier maturity, will liberate himself from a servitude to instinctive motives, unreasonable obsessions and an embittering concentration upon personal ends that can have no other conclusion but age and enfeeblement, defeat, disappointment, and death.

Clissold strikes a less sanguine note when he contemplates woman. Sex equality, indeed, is one of the features of his vision, with men and women pairing as "mated colleagues" in their enlightened enterprises. Yet he cannot dismiss the suspicion that the female is essentially an inferior being, a possession of the male: "Man may explore new worlds alone," he says, "but he cannot establish himself unless he bring his womankind." In the end, he succumbs so far to "outworn" conventionally romantic notions as to assume the rôle of protector-lover of his constant nymph, Clementina, and brings himself to a determination to marry her in the approved fashion. Here is his "distant cousin," Wells's old conception of the usual weakening of the strong man's idealistic aims under the subtle reactionary attacks of "das ewig Weibliche."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The spirit of active, militant meliorism in this "system" is generally excellent; its criticism of the existing order is bold and healthy, if occasionally weirdly mistaken. Its recognition of the vast task of bringing order into this confused visible world of ours is an adequate starting-point for a purely common-sense program. Advocates of current institutions will be able to test, possibly to confirm, the validity of many of their convictions if they see fit to defend themselves against Clissold's diatribes.

But there the usefulness of the book ends. Its steps can be only faltering steps, for the reason that it displays none of the essential knowledge that this matter-of-fact life may be and should be so lived as to shape us for an existence far transcending all terrestrial comprehension, when we have once shuffled off this poor three-dimensional coil. In fact, it explicitly denies anything of the sort: the individual is not even necessary to himself. And that denial is the Achilles-heel through which the whole world of William Clissold invites its own ultimate extinction.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

The Other Side of the Medal, by Edward Thompson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

IN A brief preface to The Other Side of the Medal, its author, Mr. Edward Thompson, who appears to be an Englishman long resident in India, gives us the highly interesting and enlightening news items that it has been "long suppressed," apparently at the representations of those who urged that "its publication would stir up bitter feeling." For a similar reason, its repercussions in the columns of the major American press have not been and are not likely to be very wide nor very loud.

As The Commonweal, in noticing a very different book a few weeks ago, pointed out, no single interest is so heavily vested just now, nor the concern of so many powerful parties, as the cultivation of good relations, official and unofficial, between Britain and America. As a necessary corollary, anything that throws a harsh and disturbing light on British "good fame"—anything that attacks the reputation for tolerance, decency, and humanity behind whose façade her imperial expansion has gone forward, encounters either incredulity, the vague and handy charge of "propaganda," or a sullen attitude that is not altogether disbelief, nor positive dishonesty, but which might be called the false conscience of history. Only those whose work has lain along the obscure and suppressed records of the past know how strong—how difficult to overcome, is this inert resistance to revising a judgment once settled. Too often, martyred truth waves her manacled hands and utters her unheeded cry before ears that are closed of set purpose and eyes that make it their business to look elsewhere.

Taking a very wide, and at times a charitable view, it may be conceded that the British imperialism has, on the whole, worked for good and has been a very powerful influence in the world-wide distribution of those interests which Catholics have most at heart. In deciding to give Mr. Thompson's remarkable book a hospitality that other magazines and reviews in this country have not seen their way to accord it, The Commonweal would like to make it clear that its action is not governed by any anti-British feeling at all. It is simply because the matter contained in it, drawn in nearly every case from contemporary records, is too much in line with the task which it has set itself, namely, to insist upon a full and frank revision of history, where history is under suspicion of discoloration or bias, to leave it indifferent to any honest effort to drag truth from the well into which policy has thrust it. The facts which Mr. Thompson collects are startling in their unlikeness to anything that we have ever associated with the British name. They are a part of the dark, secret deposit of history. Their memory, he contends, really lies at the bottom of the hostility of the Hindu masses to the dominant power, and no betterment will be possible until the evil influence which has suppressed them is removed. "When one side has succeeded in imposing its version of events on the whole world," says Mr. Thompson, "when one side controls history or the press, then underground bitterness becomes something too poisoned and ferocious for expression."

What are the facts that present themselves to the average educated American when the Indian Mutiny of 1857 is mentioned? Surely not much more than this: a rising took place, beginning with the fanaticism of certain sepoy soldiers who objected to the cow-grease with which a new issue of cartridges was loaded. Outbreaks followed, accompanied by wholesale massacres which did not spare women and children. That the suppression was severe, and even merciless, is not denied. But it is justified by the memory of atrocities which have become a part of Anglo-Saxon race consciousness. Over the whole subsequent history of reprisals and executions, the well at Cawnpore casts its extenuating shadow. That any atrocities by the ruling race had preceded the tragedy, far less than it was the culmination of months of repression which had not spared the women of the subject race, is either unknown or, if known, is conveniently suppressed. Once more, "Plutarch has lied."

On June 10, 1857, when we are a month from the crowning horror of Cawnpore, Sir John Lawrence is Mr. Thompson's authority for the spirit which was already presiding over British punitive action. At Peshawar, where an abortive rising had been nipped in the bud, the pious soldier writes home. "They were taken fighting against us and so far deserve little mercy. Our object is to make an example to terrify others. I think this object would be effectively gained by destroying from a quarter to a third of them. . . . If these did not make up the required number I would then add to them the oldest soldiers. All these should be shot or blown away from guns as may be most expedient. The rest I would divide into batches, etc., etc."

In Oudh, "long before the Cawnpore massacre," the civilian population is tasting the dark side of British justice. "Soldiers and civilians alike were holding bloody assizes or slaying natives without any assize at all, regardless of sex or age. . . . It is on the records of our British Parliament, in papers sent home by the governor-general of India in council that: 'the aged, women, and children are sacrificed, as well as those guilty of rebellion.' Englishmen did not hesitate to boast, or to record their boasting in writing, that they had 'spared no one' and that peppering away at 'niggers' was a very pleasant pastime, 'enjoyed amazingly.'" Who is speaking? Some disgruntled radical or native agitator? Neither one nor the other, but Sir John Kaye, ex-artillery officer and successor to John Stuart Mill as secretary in the political department at the India office.

Nothing is so sickening in the shameful symposium Mr. Thompson has collected as the relish shown, by British army officers as well as men, in the bloody repression. Even the loyal element in the native population was not spared. At

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the siege of Delhi, where "poor devils" bringing the sahibs' dinners were forced to run the gauntlet of the enemy's fire, Major Majendie writes home that they exhibited "an amount of terror very entertaining to behold." This fright, he confesses, "we increased sometimes, . . . by throwing handfuls of stones close to their feet." In the same city, after its capture, says Thomas Rice Holmes, in his History of the Indian Mutiny, "the soldiers . . . were said to have bribed the executioner to keep them a long time hanging, as they liked to see the criminals 'dance a Pandies' hornpipe.' . . . A four-square gallows was erected. . . . English officers used to sit by, puffing their cigars, and look on at the convulsive struggles of the victims." Not only was the behavior of the conquerors lowered to the level of the lowest "breed without the law," but the very essence of their thought seems to have suffered a subversion that makes one almost believe some dark taint of cruelty, latent in the Anglo-Saxon breed, has only been kept hidden from the world by their success.

"Let us propose a bill (it is Nicholson, speaking after Delhi) for the flaying alive, impalement or burning of the murderers of the women and children at Delhi. . . . If I had them in my power today and knew that I was to die tomorrow, I would inflict the most excruciating tortures on them with a perfectly easy conscience."

The method of execution chosen by the British, namely blowing from the muzzle of guns, deserves a word all to itself. No single incident of the mutiny is so outstanding, and, if its shocking memory persists in the consciousness of the general world as something one would fain forget, its terrible effectiveness in poisoning and inflaming native hearts in a country where it still is no older than a "grandfather's tale," may be imagined. Mr. Thompson tells us that it was borrowed from the practice of the Mogul conquerors in the seventeenth century. But even Mr. Thompson does not allude, save in the vaguest fashion, to the fact that it was in all deliberation and with the full knowledge of Hindu religious beliefs, adopted anew to throw the shadow of misery in eternity over the last punishment time could inflict. No penalty the cruelest tyrant has exacted quite went this distance. One can only rest amazed and dismayed at finding a quality that can only be described as diabolical, latent in the heart of a race which likes to think that its essential decency is one of the world's axioms.

It would be a mistake to think, because Mr. Thompson has been fearless in exposing truths hidden till now in letters and little-known memoirs, that his conclusions as to the possibility of a better understanding between rulers and ruled, are unhelpful or unconstructive. But insistence that a conspiracy of unilateral silence which has reigned for seventy years shall be broken once and for all, remains the text of his startling monograph. "There is long overdue," he tells us, "a new orientation in the histories of India. We must no longer stress the Black Hole of Calcutta, and ignore the seventy suffocated Moplah prisoners of our railway-vans: we must no longer stress Cawnpore, and ignore Benares and Delhi and Allahabad and Renaud's march on Cawnpore. Why should Indian boys be compelled to read about the fiendish work at the well when there is not a word said about Neill's fiendish work on the way to the well?"

An anecdote which Mr. Thompson recalls in his last chapter is almost significant enough to bear the full weight of his moral: "A missionary told the present writer that in his earlier and less experienced days he instructed his class of catechists to write an essay on the mutiny. Every youth sent in a sheet of blank paper!"

It is not an unfair conclusion to make that what time is to write on that blank sheet largely depends a good deal on how Englishmen, in India and elsewhere (Mr. Thompson is at pains to tell Americans that Indian affairs are none of their business) take his disconcerting footnote to British imperialism.

JOHN ELIOT.

Starlight, by Harlow Shapley. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

ASTRONOMY has filed an unequivocal claim to the title of mistress of the sciences. Scarcely had the human eye swept the dome of the skies, when man received his first inspiration to divine the secrets of its passes. The earlier results were expectedly meagre. Catalogues of the stars had been attempted, the size and form of the heavenly bodies guessed at rather than computed, their orbits conjectured, and their distances scaled on unstandardized measures.

The blame evidently lay in the untrustworthiness of the eye. Star-gazers soon realized that larger pictures of and more light from these sentries of the night were needed. A solution to the problem was slow forthcoming. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, Hans Lippershey, a Dutch spectacle maker, had shown that the interposition of a second lens between the eye and the image, made an enlarged view possible. Galileo, quickly applying this finding, assembled the first telescope, an instrument not unlike the one in use today. This was science's first triumph.

Revelations in the heavens were now no longer the exception. Stars, which had been counted in the thousands, multiplied into the millions. Markings on the planets could remain no longer in hiding. Jupiter showed his running mates, Venus her phases. Yet withal, it was as looking through a mist. Only centuries of research on lenses lifted the haze.

In 1882, David Gill, then Her Majesty's astronomer, inaugurated the first practical application of photography to the studies of the heavens. The specific asset of this method lay in the fact that the eye is capable of reacting to light of certain intensities only and that the sensitized film, unlike the eye, is immune to fatigue. Regardless, therefore, of the faintness of the light, the cumulative impressions of light leave their tracings on the photographic plate. With this advance, newer catalogues of the stars supplanted the older ones, and distances, shape, color, and brightness of the stars were more readily and accurately fixed. Stimulated by the advances of his predecessors, the modern astronomer was dared into attacking the problem of the structure of the universe. The above-named brochure discusses whatever progress has materialized in this direction.

In a prefatory note, the author owns that the essay is intended for the general reader. General is interpreted by the editors, on the jacket of the book, to mean average. It is not apparent that anyone unfamiliar with the fundamentals of astronomy, would find entertainment in its reading. The discussion of the evolution of the stars is very fair. No more is claimed for the opinions advanced than a workable hypothesis. Modifications of the theories are declared to be openly imperative. Perhaps, Dr. Shapley aptly adds, we shall learn some day the secret of the stars and thus solve man's struggle for power.

It is regrettable that the author should have felt it necessary to append the chapter entitled: Man's Place in the Scheme,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for it is no more than a cotton patch on royal purple. I venture in sequence, comments as they occur to me, worrying through the chapter. The categorical statement of man's ascent from anthropoid stock, calls for proof. That the whole of organic development, from the earliest one-celled protozoa to human consciousness and the higher instincts, is trivial and transient from the standpoint of the development of the material cosmos, might meet the assent of intelligent thinkers, were the shifts in this development not bolstered on illogical argument.

The necessity of the preëxistence of a slow evolution of the earth's crust, to the appearance of animals and plants, so claimed by the writer, eliminates the possibility of a direct creation. The tribute of "well-balanced" paid organic chemistry of life evidently carries with it the insinuation that life, in its origin, is but the expression of chemical forces. Protoplasm, with which the simplest manifestations of life are associated, is not a compound, but a structure built up of compounds. Though true that the chemist may synthesize any of its component molecules, the synthetic production of the structure is still to be demonstrated. Materialism should have no place where "the heavens tell the glory of God."

FRANCIS A. TONDORF.

The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh, edited by Lady Raleigh. New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.00.

THE two volumes of reverently gathered notes from a man who might almost be termed the Great Cham of modern professors, are surprisingly interesting for a number of reasons. To begin with, Sir Walter was a very active figure in a very active age. He and his time had acquired the habit of intellectual gymnastics, even while they were learning the rules of specialization. Together they faced the disarray of culture which characterized the ending century, and together they were forced to stiffen themselves for the war. But paradoxically enough, the greatest charm of these letters lies in their having been written almost without exception to people not of the first importance—to scholars and friends, to the wives of poets, to auxiliary statesmen and retiring publicists. This informal level of the correspondence gave Sir Walter the opportunity to use quite freely his exceptional gift of epigram. The French, who are themselves marvelous experts of this formula of style, lack the delightful human eccentricity of soul which renders the English phrase-maker, when he appears, inimitable. These volumes of letters might almost be termed mosaics of "maximes" fashioned confidentially and yet fearlessly. Their author was a man before and after he became a bookman.

But because Sir Walter dealt with books, as his Essays on Johnson have proved to every worth-while person's satisfaction, it is most pleasant to wander through this correspondence for critical remarks not to be included in more sedate pronouncements. "I have been reading Christina Rossetti," he says. "Three or four of her poems, like those of her brother, make a cheap fool of Browning—and leave E. B. B. barely human." The popular verdict often spurred him to contemptuousness. "Henley was a much richer, greater, more generous nature than R. L. S. You couldn't quarrel with Henley—not to last—because the minute you showed a touch of magnanimity or affection, he ran at you, and gave you everything and abased himself, like a child. But R. L. S. kept aloof for ten years and chose his ground with all a Pharisee's skill in selecting sites. He had not a good heart. He said many beautiful and true things, but he was not humble. There is nothing falser than

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Gentlemen's Clothing and Furnishings

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

SMARTLY DRESSED MEN

No. IV

The Junior Executive

Correct in his dress because he realizes that, in business life, personal appearance is as important as personality.

There is clothing at Altman Square designed for just such men—suits which attain smartness not through tricks of cut and finish but by way of faultless style and meticulous tailoring

In any of the accepted weaves or colourings

$50.00 to $100.00

SIXTH FLOOR

The CLUB WINDOW Says:

The brown felt hat is rapidly increasing in popularity.

Entire contents copyrighted, 1926, by B. Altman & Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the shop-window work called literature." And in a more playful way, he said of a contemporary critic: "The other book I have just read is Barrett Wendell on the seventeenth century —a cross between a German doctoral thesis and a Young Men's Christian Association."

An age which has delighted in saying naughty things about professors might do its soul a service by listening to Sir Walter state the case from the professor's point of view: "I have some odd people to lecture to," he remarks in one place. "One black-haired doctor in the town comes, and professes himself a devotee of poetry. He has bought all Rossetti and all Meredith preparatory to my discourses, and in his leisure engages himself in "pithing" them as he calls it. This consists in beginning at the first page and walking steadily through to the last as if it were a novel. O Lord, I have got hold of an ass. A curiously devised ass, too; he delights in Walt Whitman." In another place he notes whimsically: "I sent one of my tracts to W. P. Ker and he liked it (he said) better than our Lord Rector's Address, which (he added) was not saying much."

But for all the wit and wisdom of the two volumes, a definite pathos gleams through them too. How jauntily, questioningly, shrewdly, anxiously Sir Walter grew to understand the real cosmic seriousness and heartbreak of the war is to me much more closely revealed in these random letters than in the labored analysis of, say, Mr. Wells's Britling. In the end he had become too old ever to get over the conflict. He still wanted to earn his glory-title, render his service. And so his last act was to accept the appointment as historian of the Air Force. A man who had been a leisurely epicure of antique English beauty ended as the awed surveyor of young martial effort. Perhaps that was his real destiny. At all events, it revealed the source from which his best language was derived.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Testaments of François Villon, translated by John Heron Lepper. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

MR. LEPPER has certainly the courage of his convictions in publishing his English versions of the great ballades of François Villon side by side with the masterly versions made of them by Rossetti, Swinburne, and Arthur Symons. His new versions are highly creditable, from the point of view of rectitude and scholarship, and for such qualities of poetry as they possess: but when we compare John Payne's line: "But what is become of last year's snow?" with Rossetti's "But where are the snows of yesteryear?" we indicate the difference between a greater and lesser singing. When Mr. Lepper writes: "Death, from thy harshness I appeal," Rossetti in his version declares: "Death, of thee do I make moan," showing that in the vocabulary of poetry, as Francis Thompson asserted, there is a higher form, even if not always the clearest or simplest, a tradition which is the speech of the anointed. In the Ballade of the Women of Paris, Mr. Lepper gives us the refrain: "There's none to match a Paris jaw": this is hardly comparable to the "bonne bec de Paris" as rendered by Swinburne: "But no good girl's lip out of Paris."

Out of the bulk of some three hundred pages, the first hundred alone may be attributed to Mr. Lepper: the claims of the publishers that this is the first complete volume of translations of Villon may be somewhat qualified by a little research. Nevertheless, the reader may thank Mr. Lepper and his publishers for these excellent versions of the great French balladist.

THOMAS WALSH.

BRIEFER MENTION

Quevedo: The Choice Humorous and Satirical Works, edited by Charles Duff. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

IT was inevitable that the books of Quevedo should find their way into the Broadway Translations, that series being planned to include classics which, for one reason or another, cannot hope to meet with general popularity. In this case, the edge of Spanish satire is jagged and scurrilous enough; the use of allegory, though judiciously curtailed, is nevertheless an important literary recourse; and the pertinence of many brilliant passages is wasted upon historical personages of extremely slight importance now. But Quevedo can never be overlooked by the student because he was certainly one of the most intelligent men to live in Spain contemporary with the passing of the sixteenth century. A man so scholarly and earnest could not fail to shed much valuable light upon the state of society. It is important to remember that Quevedo's books, whatever their frankness and mercilessness, were endorsed, and not condemned, by the Inquisition. He himself was a loyal Catholic who, as Mr. Duff informs us in his excellent introduction, permitted himself to enjoy the luxury of a Stoic philosophy. On the whole, this edition is admirable for judiciousness and form. It is really the only volume of Quevedo available to English readers.

Troubadours of Paradise, by Sister M. Eleanore. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

WHAT one might term a wise romanticism runs through the series of essays which Sister Eleanore devotes to a number of favorite saints and ideals. Here the world is better than most of us have found it to be; the quest of the spirit's goal is a natural, even an every-day thing; and very soft tones of sentiment make endearing the landscape of life. A good deal of lore has been cramped into pages which nevertheless scarcely ever seem pedantic or oppressively unctuous, and which occasionally even flash with modern wit. Sister Eleanore proves once again that nuns are usually bright and sufficiently amiable people—not birds in a cage, but spirits made free in a garden. The only thing a reader could regret in her book is the occasional absence of adequate psychology. When we are told that "Peter fell, only to rise to the heights of heroic sanctity," we suspect also that the ascension was neither so colorless nor so rapid as the phrase seems to imply. But the essays have a place and many will doubtless come to like them intensely.

A Jewelled Screen, by Ann Hamilton. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

A JEWELLED SCREEN, a book of poems by Ann Hamilton, sings with a youthful abandon, touching on the more pleasurable, and sadly pleasant aspects of life. A suave, kindly grace infuses the delicate lyrics which sing softly, delicately, of the English moors and the Welsh highlands. In many wistful songs, Ann Hamilton respires thankfully the friendly breeziness of Edna St. Vincent Millay, but never in too obvious a breath. Among the other volumes of poetry offered for the season, Ann Hamilton's collection comes as a striking relief from insufficiency, unpreparedness, and general futility. A review of this sparrow-flock of singers of 1926 would dishearten any observer of a much heralded but rarely fulfilled production at the hands of the younger American poets.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"I wonder," pondered Miss Brynmarian from the depths of a newspaper, "what Queen Marie of Roumania will do with all the presents she has received, and will receive, on her visit to this country."

"Probably what all sensible people do with presents—give away the useless ones, and retain the useful," replied Dr. Angelicus.

"In that case, I'm afraid the poor Queen will not have anything left," said Miss Brynmarian.

"What's the matter with the presents?" asked the Doctor who was in an argumentative mood. "I feel sure that our American people have as good taste as any others in selecting gifts for visiting royalty."

"We are not talking about taste—we are talking about utility," reminded Miss Brynmarian. "A gift may be tasteful, but not utilitarian."

"But I feel sure that the Queen will use the presents she has received," maintained the Doctor. "If you will enumerate some of them, I think I can prove it to you."

"Well," said Miss Brynmarian, "there is the silver-plated shovel that will be presented to her in Ohio. Now what queen wants to shovel, anyway? And then there was the affair at the Biltmore, attended by women delegates from every state, appointed by their governors. They presented the Queen with a handsomely bound volume dedicated to her, and containing a brief description of each state. The newspapers say that the presentation ceremony was delayed somewhat by the temporary disappearance of the volume, which, alas, was ultimately found. What a pity it could not have disappeared permanently!"

"Your attitude is entirely wrong," exclaimed the Doctor. "That was a very charming gift, and, I'm sure, one that any queen would be glad to receive."

"Hum—how well have you known queens?" asked Miss Brynmarian.

"That's neither here nor there," said the Doctor with dignity, "but perhaps I may say, not as well as I should have liked to."

"But perhaps as well as was good for you?" queried Miss Brynmarian.

"Let us get back to the subject of the Queen's present," said the Doctor. "Now I am sure she was delighted with that book."

"What possible interest can she find," asked Miss Brynmarian, "in reading how many oil-wells Oklahoma possesses, for instance? Or how deep the snowfall is in Montana, or—"

"You don't understand," interrupted the Doctor. "The gift is a book. Now the Queen is a woman who loves books."

"How do you know she loves books?" asked Miss Brynmarian.

"Because she lives in Bucharest," punned the Doctor horribly.

Miss Brynmarian indicated her disgust as she turned back to her paper. "I think," she remarked, "that the Queen's response to it, was, if possible, even worse than the gift."

"What was that?" inquired Dr. Angelicus.

"The presentation to the delegates of written tributes to each state, penned by Marie herself."

"But that was charming!" exclaimed Angelicus.

"Did you read them?" Miss Brynmarian asked significantly.

One Macmillan Book a Week

REPRESENTATIVE CATHOLIC ESSAYS

By GEORGE CARVER *and* ELLEN M. GEYER

An outstanding collection of essays by Catholic writers prominent in the world of letters as well as in the fields of education, sociology and ethics. Following in the tradition of the best English essays, their literary excellence makes them admirably suited for use as models in the classroom in secondary schools and in colleges.

At your bookstore or from

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

Atlanta Boston Chicago Dallas San Francisco

Mount St. Michael's

Nereid (238th St.) and Murdock Aves.
Bronx, New York City

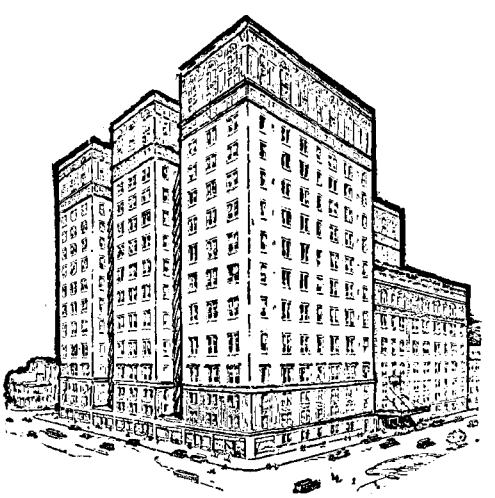
Conducted by MARIST BROTHERS

Select Boarding and Day School for Boys

HIGH SCHOOL, GRAMMAR, PRIMARY

Opens in September, 1926

Write for Prospectus



THE only Apartment Hotel in New York where you can cook as much as you desire ... Complete Kitchens, Iceless Refrigeration and Dining Alcoves ... all household and hotel services available ... 2, 3, 4 Room suites ... on lease or transiently ... Furnished or unfurnished.

12 East 86th Street

America's Premier Apartment Hotel

NEW YORK

Ownership Management, I. Fluegelman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

URSULINE ACADEMY
Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Resident and Day Pupils
Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments
Chartered by the University of the State of New York

ELEVATORS
ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON
EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY
BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. 216 FULTON ST. NEW YORK CITY

St. Ursula of the Blessed Virgin
On the Hudson
ACADEMY FOR GIRLS KINGSTON, N. Y.
Boarders and Day Pupils
Apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR

ST. ENDA'S SCHOOL
The Only School of Its Kind in the U. S.
Opens Sept. 20th. Modeled after St. Enda's, Dublin
Give your boy a chance, educate him in an Irish environment and he will love and bring honor to his name and race. A College Preparatory Boarding School for boys. Healthful country location. The old Gaelic conception of education, "fosterage." Irish atmosphere. Six year course. Self-help, farming. Love of Irish culture, literature, and music especially fostered. Gaelic taught.
For catalogue, write JOHN X. REGAN, M.A.
Headmaster, St. Enda's School, North Barnstead, N. H.

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY
95th and Throop Streets, LONGWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.
Accredited Boarding and Day School for Girls
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame
ACADEMIC COURSE—Prepares for College or Normal Entrance
MUSIC—Conservatory Methods in Piano, Violin and Vocal
ART—Special Advantages. Three Studios Open to Visitors at All Times. Graded Courses in Both Music and Art Departments Lead to Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas

PRINTING SERVICE
Our working force is composed of trained men, selected because of their ability and willingness to make extreme efforts to satisfy our customers.
This feature of our organization accounts to a large extent for the long list of representative concerns that have continued to send us their printing orders for many years.
May we estimate on your printing?
Catalogs, Magazines, Books, Commercial Printing
BURR PRINTING HOUSE
Cor. Frankfort and Jacob Streets, New York City

"No," admitted the Doctor.

"Well," she resumed, "here, for instance, is what she had to say about Maine: 'To the home of the pines and of Longfellow. It is the star of the north which, steadfast, good and true, oft guides the bark to its destination. The poets are the leaders of thought. I hope one day to meet the people of Maine, and to thank them for their mighty efforts in the great war. Marie, Queen of Roumania.'"

"I think more of Maine now, than I ever did before," declared the Doctor. "Read me another one."

"Although," said Miss Brynmarian, "all the other tributes simply bore the name of each state, yet when she got to Tennessee, she headed it 'Oh, Tennessee!' Do you suppose that was meant as rebuke or commendation?"

"She may have been thinking of the Dayton trial," suggested the Doctor. "But read what she wrote."

Miss Brynmarian complied: 'Oh, Tennessee! Down where the cotton grows and southern music fills the air and rings throughout the world. You have given to us all the mighty fruits of your mighty industries, which, in the great battle against injustice, have been the means of defense beyond all danger. What has not the industry of cotton done in the time of need? And to the people of Tennessee I give my greetings—above all, for the greatness of their hearts. I will come! Marie, Queen of Roumania.'"

"She couldn't have been thinking about Dayton, after all," mused the Doctor. "How comforted the Tennesseeans will be over that sentence, 'I will come!' I wonder when the Queen expects to be there. I was thinking of taking a little trip to Tennessee myself."

"Don't be in a great hurry about it," said Miss Brynmarian. "For today's papers report that the King has cabled for Marie to come home immediately. Isn't it horrid of him, just when she's having such a lovely time!"

"Not horrid at all," said Angelicus, looking over her shoulder at the picture of the beautiful Queen. "In fact, I call it very sensible. If I were in his place, I'd do the very same thing."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

(The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.)

CONTRIBUTORS

MARK O. SHRIVER is a member of the bar of Maryland and a writer on economics and jurisprudence.

JOHN HANLON is a poet residing in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

G. K. CHESTERTON is the well-known English essayist, novelist and poet.

REVEREND JAMES BURNS, C.S.C., formerly rector of Notre Dame University, and now president of Holy Cross College, Washington, is the author of several standard works on education.

BERNHARD RAGNER is managing editor in Paris of the European edition of the Chicago Tribune.

GENEVIEVE GARVAN BRADY is national treasurer of the Girl Scouts of America.

REVEREND SPEER STRAHAN is a well-known poet, and professor of English in the Catholic University of America.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING, whose verse appears frequently in American magazines, was formerly editor of the poetry magazine, The Measure.

ISABEL FISKE CONANT is a poet and the author of Frontier, Many Wings, and Puritan.

MARGARET TOD RITTER is a frequent contributor of poetry to current magazines.

HAROLD VINAL, poet and publisher, is the editor of the poetry magazine, Voices.

PENFIELD ROYCE is the pen-name of a prominent American journalist.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR., is prominent among New York critics, and has published a biography of Thomas Hardy.

JOHN ELIOT, is the pen-name of a distinguished New York author and critic.

REVEREND FRANCIS A. TONDORF, S.J., is the head of the Georgetown University Seismological Observatory.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED